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IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

Italiam fato profugus—Virg.

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R A M B L E

HOLLANDER



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LETTER I.

R. P. ESQ.

Genoa, Feb. 1792.

HE that hath read the works of Plato, discovers so much truth and infallibility in his maxims, that he adopts them with conviction and confidence.—

One of them was, “ Never to go by sea when he could go by land ;” and this I had always looked up to as a fixed rule of action, till curiosity and necessity emboldened me to cross the Channel.—

And on the present occasion, for nearly the same reasons, I once more committed my body to the mercy of the waves.—

VOL. II.

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Every

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Every man's fortune is not equal to the expence of travelling to Rome by land ; and every man's constitution is not strong enough to bear the fatigue of it—the very pilgrims begin to flag ; and if *religion* will not carry a man through, in vain will he rely on the strength and safety of a four-footed beast.

Religion will do wonderful things for a mind harassed and fatigued, whilst the body receives little refreshment from divine doctrines ; wherefore, though I have perhaps less objection than any man to “ patience and long suffering ” (peradventure from habit), I should be exceedingly obliged to the aforefaid, when I am knocked up in the midst of a barren desert, if they would provide me with an elbow-chair to take a nap in, instead of rewarding
me

meat my journey's end with a kiss of *the toe of St. Peter**—moreover, barring the want of that commodity which procureth all the luxuries of life—the method of scrambling over the Alps and Appenines on the backs of mules or the shoulders of men, is too dilatory a process for him that thirsts to tread on classic ground—that stands upon the Watch Tower at Marseilles, and thinks he can descry the mighty battlements of Rome.—

An Englishman had hired a felucca to

* Within the Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome, there is a black marble statue, which is held out to be the statue of that Saint, and which all Pilgrims have the privilege of kissing.—

But in reality it is an image of Jupiter, found in the ruins of an heathen temple.—

St. Peter was in those days by no means in such vogue, as to be thought worthy the attention of the famed statuaries who were employed in immortalizing Emperors.

convey him to Genoa; and (as he had the politeness to offer me the privilege of sitting by day, and sleeping by night, in his carriage) I took leave of France, and embarked.

A felucca is an open ten-oar'd boat that travels night and day, unless the wind be directly in your teeth, or the sea too much troubled to make head against—it never stretches far from shore, for fear of being captured by the Barbary corsairs; and being usually freighted with specie from the French to the Italian merchants, it is a prize in no small request amongst the pirates.

The bottom of it is just broad enough to admit the body of a carriage, and with such an accommodation this mode of travelling is not unpleasant; but for those who are exposed to the inclemency

mency of the weather, the splashing of the sea, and the coldness of the night, nothing can be more comfortless and wretched.

As soon as we had cleared the mouth of Marseilles harbour, we found the sea by no means calm; and the boat began to rock—Abel dropped down upon his knees, and clenched his hands on each side of the felucca like a man oversetting in a carriage—the mariners unbent so very much at the sight of him, that the patron (or proprietor who is stationed at the helm) with all his grave authority could scarcely keep them at their oars. —

As Abel's knees became sore with this position, he changed his situation cautiously, lest by not trimming the boat he might upset us—and at length brought his

B 3. weight

weight to bear on a part that had been more in the habits of supporting it.—

On the second day the sea was so extremely calm that I contrived to shave; a matter of some amusement to our crew, who had never dreamt of cleanliness or comfort during a voyage—towards night however the wind freshened and the sea ran high; in consequence of which we were obliged to put into a narrow creek, about half a mile from whence we procured some eggs at a miserable cottage, and passed the night, as before, on board.—

Whilst we were preparing to weigh anchor in the morning, a revenue officer arrived; and laying an embargo on our freight (under pretence of stopping the exportation of French coin) ran up the mountain for assistance.—

In the mean time we cleared away and helped

Helped all hands to hoist the sails; then standing off to sea, were saluted with a couple of musket shots, the contents of which happily fell at some distance from us—my warlike domestic was flat upon his face at the bottom of the boat, and well was it for us that fear had no other effect upon him.—

On the fourth day from our departure, we made Antibes, a frontier town, the strength of which is inconceivable. If this place was attacked by sea, the twelve and sixteen pounders that are planted on the ramparts would make great havoc amongst the shipping, for their direction is varied with astonishing ease and quickness, which is effected by two screws that act as levers—they are mounted on carriages six feet in height, and overlook the walls in such a manner as to be brought

to bear on vessels immediately underneath—the objection to this method is, that the men who work them are greatly exposed in time of action.—

The wind sat full into the harbour's mouth for two days, and to my great mortification the late rains had rendered the Var impassable, which prevented me from spending this time at Nice—and what still added to the misery of our confinement was, that what little of the good things of this world Antibes produced, was monopolized by the garrison.—

During the day we had little to amuse us, but the delightful view of the shore opposite Nice and its environs--a chain of snow-capped mountains looking proudly down upon a city surrounded with oranges and placed amidst a bed of fertility that furnished every luxury for the eye

eye or appetite—and at night the officers entertained us with a play; in which, (as women there were none) two *He Grenadiers* came forth as Melpomene and Thalia, and indeed a more woeful exhibition I never saw.—

On the third morning from our arrival we weighed anchor at day-break; and as the sun burst forth from the horizon, we sailed along the golden coast of Nice—then passing Monaco (a romantic town standing on a rock that runs into the sea, a principality that joins the dominions of the King of Sardinia), towards evening we had cleared the mouth of Ventimiglia harbour, when the breeze suddenly increased to such a degree, that though it blew right after us, the patron and mariners looked alarmed—the sky began to

lower—the sea blackened, and a tremendous storm ensued.—

We were at this time ten leagues from the port of Savona, without a possibility of making land; and the wind drove us on with inconceivable rapidity, whilst the increasing swell of the sea threatened to swallow us up.—

After cutting through these monstrous waves akeel for upwards of two hours and an half, we doused the sails opposite Savona harbour, when several tremendous breakers burst upon us, and dashed us against the light-house that stands off at sea—

“Plato,” thought I, “thou reasonest well.”

Whether we owed our preservation to the exertion of the sailors, or my man Abel, I am not sufficiently acquainted with navigation to pronounce—the former

mer convinced me by their looks and efforts that we were in a most perilous state; and the latter was straining his lungs in calling loudly upon the name of the Lord.—

As soon as we got on shore, I reprimanded Abel for applying to Heaven in so boisterous and disrespectful a manner; adding withal, that as the crew were of a different persuasion in religious matters, it might be discreet not to interrupt their devotions by any spiritual convulsions on our part.—

His extreme simplicity secured him my pardon, when he assured me that he should not have taken such a liberty but on account of the roaring of the waves—thereby implying that in a milder tone it might have been difficult to procure an audience.—

It was impossible the sea could restore

itself to sufficient tranquillity for at least four and twenty hours, to enable us to proceed; as soon therefore as we had procured some refreshment, I sent Abel to enquire about beds, and though our accommodations were indifferent, I fell into a most profound sleep—you will easily conceive, that after so long confinement to my clothes and carriage, it was a vast luxury to get within a pair of clean sheets.

The next morning we had a most delightful sail to Genoa—the views along the coast were extensive and beautiful—the lands loaded with the richest fruits of nature—the country crowded with the stately palaces of the Genoese nobility—and the entrance to the harbour the most striking possible.—

We are just now landed; and, having undergone a regular examination of my books,

books, boxes, and certificate of health, I find myself in an extremely comfortable hotel—I trust that your regard for me does not lessen in proportion as my distance from you increases; but, for my security, I shall expect to find, on my arrival at Florence, a written renewal of your lease of friendship.—

Your's truly, &c.

I. E. T.

LETTER II.

Genoa, Feb. 1792.

DEAR LADY B.

AFTER a most tedious voyage by sea, I felt indefinable pleasure in setting foot upon the coast of Italy ; and as your ladyship has had the goodness to promise me a continuation of your correspondence, I sit down at Genoa to clench the engagement on my part—

On the morning of our arrival, the Padrone of my hotel came into my apartments ; and (as is the custom of these polite parts) seated himself in an elbow chair.—

“ Signor

"Signor Inglese," said he, "Sei ben arrivato—oggi si celebra il piu splendido spettacolo del mondo; il coronamento del Serenissimo Principe il Doge di Genoa."

I had been practising Italian from the time that the lovely Miss G. persuaded me to extend my tour, and was therefore at no loss to discover that I was arrived at the most fortunate time imaginable—the day of the Coronation of the Doge.—

The Dogeship is elective—his government is of two years existence—but as this ceremony takes place during the Carnival, my countrymen are usually at Venice or Rome; and it is no small gratification in travelling, to see what nobody else sees.—

Having therefore made myself up as well as my wardrobe would admit, and

con-

consigned Abel to a man-milliner, that a bag and sword might be fastened upon him, I hired a carozza, and waited on the English Consul, requesting him to procure me a ticket of admission to the Presence Chamber.—

The ceremony was performed in a magnificent hall within the Palazzo—the walls were hung with embroidered velvet—the throne was at the upper end, raised for the benefit of the spectators—the nobles attended dressed in their different orders.—

At the instant that his Serene Highness was anointed Doge, the cannons thundered at a distance both from sea and land, and the hall and palace rung with

“Viva il Doge.”

This ticket entitled me also to a seat at the Coronation dinner—a most sumptuous entertain-

entertainment was served up, and we sat down to table near seven hundred—the interludes between the courses were relieved with bands of music, broadsides, and so forth.—

The Cambiacci, or present Doge's family, are immensely rich—the table was spread with a profusion of costly luxury—there were sixteen triumphs (presents from the nobles) valued at one thousand pounds a piece—these consisted of bridges, temples, pyramids, and various fancies, of Eastern marble, inlaid with precious stones, decorated with preserves and foreign fruits of every kind.—

They were taken from the table entire, and sent, according to custom, as presents to the crowned heads allied to the Republic.—

The evening concluded with a grand
masked

masked ball, which was enlivened by all the beauty of Genoa, and the ladies supported their characters with uncommon vivacity and spirit.—

The finest woman of the party, and indeed by far the handsomest that I have yet seen in Italy, had the happiness to receive the attentions of the honorable Mr. S——. The affability of this young nobleman secures him the affection of all ranks, and his popularity may possibly acquire some little addition from his father having been once a very favorite minister at Turin.—

The name of the lady in question is M—r—nda; and for her conduct, I will confess to you, I never gave woman credit for such an act of self-denial.—

At the conclusion of the first year of her marriage she brought her family an heir
—upon

—upon this, she sent for her steward and gave orders that an adjacent house should be purchased for her reception—her wardrobe removed to it—and her domestics ready to attend her—As soon as her recovery permitted her to go forth, she put her purpose in execution—firmly resisted the tender remonstrances of a fond husband, and hath from that time actually lived separate from his bed, alleging, that in bringing forth a male heir, she hath fulfilled her duty to posterity——

It is singular, that the husband is one of the handsomest young men in Italy—that this exemplary woman loves him to excess—and that they have ever since visited on the warmest terms of every other relationship but that of man and wife.—

Look into the British records, and see
if

if you can find an instance of such self-denial.—

On the morning following the Coronation, I procured a guide, and walked early to the top of the hill—as the day was fine, the prospect from hence was indescribably beautiful.—

Here was a bird's-eye view of the whole city—a vast extent of country, both on the sides of Italy and Piedmont—the galleys and rich merchantmen within the Mole—and the lively scenery of vessels in full sail, passing up and down the gulph to a distance bounded only by the horizon.—

This noble city stands on a protuberance of convexed rock, flanked by two sloping vallies so luxuriant, that the vast lands over which the Mediterranean has encroached, seem to have sent their choicest produce there for preservation.—

Within

Within the harbour an old English frigate rides at anchor—which was formerly purchased for a guardship—Abel has picked up an odd anecdote concerning it—On the day that it first arrived from England the Doge sent off a boat with orders that it should salute the town—one of the guns was by some mistake loaded with a ball, which lodged itself in the stump of an elm that grew upon a public promenade, and in its way took off the leg of an unfortunate priest.—

The two principal streets, called Balbi and Nuova, are wide and magnificent, and consist almost entirely of a range of palaces on each side—these palaces are built upon a most costly and extensive scale—they are chiefly of Carrara or Sicilian marble—that of Durazzi is so immense, that, besides a private opera-house, tennis-court, and riding-house, it contains a college

college for fourteen nobles of decayed families, whom he supports in a style of splendor suitable to their birth,—

This and many other palaces boast of statues and paintings of great estimation; and the architecture is so correct and chaste, that it may be seen with pleasure after Rome.—

A profusion of wealth has been expended on the churches; which was amassed by the inhabitants during the Crusades, and exacted from the fleets that usually lay in the harbour, waiting for a holy-land breeze—but the most costly of these, the Annunciade, was built with the produce of a conquered island, and left unfinished when the tributaries regained their liberty—the chapels within are inlaid with porphyry and lapis lazuli, and the roof painted by two brothers, whose history is as follows:—

There

There was but one fresco painter of their time—a young Genoese, who stood competitor for fame with them—this rivalry stirred up that spirit of revenge which is the natural growth of an Italian mind, and they resolved to kill him.—having put their purpose in execution, they fled for refuge to this church, where, though they were unable to go forth, superstition protected them, and they executed this incomparable work—at the expiration of three years, which they had employed in it, so exquisite was the performance, that the States rewarded them with their lives and liberties.

In one of the chapels of the Cathedral the ashes of John the Baptist are said to have been deposited; and some dozen lamps are kept constantly burning.

From

From what motives I will not presume to say, but the poor in Italy are much better provided for, than either in France or England—the Albergo here, which contains ten thousand persons, is a receptacle for the poor of all countries, where soup and boiled beef are distributed three times a day.—

In the chapel is the Assumption; a most exquisite work of Puget, in one piece of Carrara marble—it looks a lovely figure, flying without wings, touching lightly upon earth, as if it belonged to Heaven—the attitude and airy style of this divine performance arrest one's whole attention.—

The opera-house consists of six tiers of boxes, the two lowest of which are sacred to nobility; and we have had some delicious

licious treats of harmony there, by Bruni and the incomparable Banti.

The conclusion of the Carnival is at hand, which every body affects to enjoy, and which every body is tired of.—Its novelty and absurdity, however, contribute infinitely to my amusement. At this instant, people of all ages, down to children of five years old, are trotting about the streets in masquerade.

An English gentleman yesterday accompanied me in a quiet walk under the colonnade of the palace of Durazzo; to which we retired, in hopes of recovering from the convulsions which we had been thrown into.

There stood Abel staring at a statue—the curtain of my mask was long enough to conceal my mouth and chin completely; but, as my voice is somewhat

singular, it was agreed that my friend should draw him into conversation—any one that spoke English became at once the confidential friend of Abel.—Woman was the topic, and I was no less amused than astonished to find that Abel was a man of intrigue.—

Your ladyship may recollect the cut of Abel—no man's figure or address is so ill calculated to win a woman's heart—yet Abel hath been gamefome in his day—Abel—be it recorded in the annals of gallantry! Abel kept a mistress at Marfeilles.—

I have the honor to be

Your ladyship's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER III.

CHARLES B. M. C. ESQ.

Lerice, February 20th.

YOU are so great a coward upon the water, that I have often seen you tremble at crossing a common river in a ferry-boat; so huge an one, that it hath scarcely drawn six inches of water, crammed with a wagon-load of lubbers besides yourself.

I have just passed fifty leagues of sea in an open ten-oared boat, and the fatigues which I have avoided in not clambering the craggy Appenines (which are at this time rendered more than usually impassable by the late falls of snow) and the ease, security, and comfort with which we have

floated along, may, I think, so far wed you to this mode of travelling, that I should not wonder at meeting you in my way down the Mediterranean sculling to Leghorn in a canoe.

We had scarcely made three leagues from Genoa, when suddenly the sky became foul and overcast; and, as we had a considerable quantity of specie on board, as well as the mail, our padrone judged it prudent to put into Sestri with an intention to pass the night there.

Sestri is a very neat Italian town, the environs of which are crowded with lime and olive-trees; and the few hours I stayed there introduced me to two very singular customs.—Just as we landed, a party of the virgins of the country were mounting their mules; which they managed with wonderful grace and skill, sitting after the manner

manner of men with one leg on either side. — Their beaus gallantly attended them as running footmen ; and, as soon as they were clear of the pavement, they set off in a half speed gallop, that put their attendants pretty much upon their mettle. The novelty of this scene, and the extreme naiveté with which the women acquitted themselves, greatly reconciled me to its indelicacy ; and, at the instant, I thought it no wise more preposterous than that absurd machine which ladies are tossed about upon in England.

On my return to the hotel, a large party of the better sort of people were assembled at the billiard table, gaming and swearing with immoderate symptoms of vexation and blasphemy. I had been some minutes a witness of this diabolical confusion, when a most tragi-comical scene suddenly pre-

sented itself.—The bell struck out at a distance for a funeral—the instruments of play were seized by the proprietor of the table—the exultations of success, and the ravings of disappointment, were in an instant hushed—they all dropped down upon their knees, and began to pray most fervently for the soul of their departed brother ; and in this attitude of profane humility they continued till the corpse was carried by, when they resumed their former occupation with all the distraction and fervor of ruined and religious gamblers.

Just after midnight we put off to sea again ; and before day-break a cutting wind began to blow from the north-east. Abel was seized with such a shivering fit, that if he had been fastened to the knocker of a dead man's door, he might have worked

ed

ed a miracle. The sharks began to play around—the heavens blackened, and suddenly shot such a volley of hail upon us, that we were driven into the most miserable village that ever was entailed on beggary and famine; and there I was taken out stiff and speechless with the cold, and placed by the side of an oil-boiler's fire to thaw at my leisure.

When I look back at my voyage from Marseilles to Genoa, I cannot but smile at the groundless discontent that exists in the bosom of man.—The scene before us wanted nothing but shipwreck to complete its distress.—The ruins, that were inhabited, contained about six starving families.—Not a morsel of meat was to be found in these dreary habitations.—Here was neither tavern, nor a butcher's stall.—Black bread, sour wine, vermicelli,

and salt-fish, composed the luxuries of life.—Six vessels were drifted on shore before us; the crews of which had taken possession of the whole of this humble sustenance.—The snow blew peppering from the mountains that overhung us, and rendered all access to the inland country utterly impracticable.

Abel, after wandering about in search of some hovel to screen himself from the inclemency of the weather, fell in with a compassionate woman, who took pity on him, and two of his companions. She was a wretched mother whose infant lay dead from the severity of the cold.

Abel ran to me with the glad tidings of accommodation; which were the more welcome, as night was coming on when the oil-boiler's laboratory must needs be shut; wherefore, seeing a convent on the
brow

brow of the hill, I bethought me of first making applications there for provisions and a bed ; but the holy brethren refused me admission because I was a protestant.

I had a piece of a cold fowl on board, but was cautioned not to use it till the meagre days were over ; for the superstition of the crew suggested to them that the bitterness of the weather might be occasioned by their having heretics amongst them ; and, if I broke through their religious rules of fasting on these days, they might think to do God service, and appease the storm, by committing my body to the waves.

My companions gave themselves up to despair ; but there are men who always find themselves possessed of an uncommon cheerfulness in scenes of the utmost danger and distress. This may proceed from

insensibility, or from having been early and frequently scratched with the briars and thorns of adversity ; or, perhaps, they might have both assisted in the completion of *my* philosophy.

A swarthy Sardinian, that was with us, eyed me with great malignity, and insinuated that I was cheerful because I had money and a watch ; an equal share of which ought to fall to the lot of each of us. I would, at this moment, have gladly given all the money I had about me, and my old time-piece to boot, for a good slice of the roast beef of old England ; but his insinuations alarmed me not a whit.

We had now fasted six and thirty hours.—The nights were terrible, which we passed in hanging our heads over a few embers on a cold stone floor till we were nearly suffocated, in order to avoid a
more

more miserable death from the snow that blew in at the open windows.

My spirits now began to fail me, when I recollected that I had a few grains of tea left in my travelling case ; so, warming me a little water, the good woman brought me about a table-spoonful of milk ; and I poured into my stomach such a cordial as it had never revelled on.

There is no end to man's curiosity ; wherefore, finding myself much revived, I fain would know where mine hostess kept her cow, or goat.—I could perceive that a faint smile was rising upon her countenance, when she was about to inform me that there was neither cow nor goat in all the country ; but she suddenly turned her eyes to her departed child, and answered only by bursting into a flood of tears. This

worthy creature had hitherto treated me with the milk of human kindness; would she had extended her charity no farther—I fell into the most convulsive sickness I ever experienced—whether from long disuse, or, that in proportion as we advance in years, our aversion increases to what was palatable in childhood; this cordial, as I thought it, hurt me more than all the misery that had preceded it.

On the third morning I was permitted, without the fear of death before my eyes, to devour the remnant of my Genoese capon—Abel cracked the bones with the avidity of a cannibal; and then knelt down and prayed for a fair wind; and, in the afternoon, we put off to sea, when it pleased God to carry us all safe to Lerice.

He that would relish the blessings of
life,

life, should once experience such a scene as this.

Remember Plato's rule, and may every happiness attend you in your native country.—But if, on looking at this dreadful picture once again, you are dissatisfied with your confinement within the narrow circle of the land of liberty, you well deserve that precious anathema that I once heard a Cornish smuggler bestow on a rugged veteran, who had just swam to shore from shipwreck; and the moment he had escaped the jaws of death, swore he would serve his majesty king George again—this caitiff smuggler had not within him to admire the greatness of the noble tar; so philanthropically replied, “ May you then, when from age or infirmity you are no longer able to bear the fatigues of your occupation,—may you be turned

over

over to the service of those conscientious contractors for human flesh that traffic to the coast of Guinea; then be taken by the Turks, and die a galley slave in Barbary."

I am,

My dear Cousin,

Your very affectionate friend, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

R. P. ESQ.

Pisa, February 23.

TRAVELS by land admit of hill, dale, and change of company; and they are seldom pregnant with so much misery as I lately experienced in travelling from Genoa to Lerice; where we were put on shore, after wading through difficulties and dangers, the recital of which would only serve to give your palate a disrelish for comic anecdote.

After fasting several days (unless he can be accused of breaking his fast, who had occasionally let a few slops down his throat, which speedily returned by the
same

same channel, as if dissatisfied with their accommodations, and which only seemed to serve the purpose of keeping open the communication between mouth and stomach) I made a hearty meal, and took a composing draught of excellent wine, some coffee, a few liqueurs, and laid me down to rest.

When I awoke, Abel was so grossly intoxicated, that it was scarcely possible to move him without a lever.—He had fallen in with a travelling jew that had formerly wandered about England selling barometers, and who now exercised the same vocation in his own country. After waiting several hours, I found that he was still no more able to stand upright in a state of inactivity than a top, but when kept in motion was, like the aforesaid, empowered to preserve the perpendicular ; I therefore resolved

resolved he should march the first stage at least.

It was necessary to travel post from hence to Pisa ; an expence that I could ill support, being nearly equal to that which (I presume from the comforts and conveniences we procure) we more cheerfully submit to in England.—However, the joy of landing, the change of scene, and the style of travelling, greatly took off my attention from this latter consideration.

My equipage consisted of a tattered whisky without springs, drawn by a couple of mules, with two men to push after ; (the country being extremely mountainous) and the head of it was composed of three naked ribs, as comfortless as an uncovered waggon.

After grinding for some time slowly up the first hill, I looked behind me, and defcried

deseried my domestic at a distance, gaining ground with somewhat less expedition than a flash of lightning, though in the same sort of directions that the electric fluid usually travels.—He had something across his shoulder which he now and then looked at with great admiration, and seemed to carry with extreme caution.—This appeared the more extraordinary to me, as the portorage of himself was so cumbersome to him;—when lo! the mules would fain stand still a little, upon which I discovered that my blockhead had bought him a barometer—so while the animals were taking that time for refreshment, which seemed to be better judged of by themselves than to depend on the will of any body else, I took Abel into the carriage, and amused myself with the purposes

purposes to which he meant to apply his barometer.

It seemed he had no notion of going back to England without having become a philosopher as well as a connoisseur; and told me, that, as soon as we should reach the top of the mountain, he should get out to ascertain how many feet we were above the level of the sea.

Our posters wore strong symptoms of restiveness at an acquisition of weight, and frequently expressed their dislike of the double thong by attempting to gripe the postillion's leg; which he had had the foresight to protect himself against by wearing a sort of dog collar fringed with iron spikes.

After travelling post in this manner about three hours we descended to the city of Sarzana.

The

The cook, chambermaid, &c. were scarcely dispatched in order to provide suitable accommodation for il Cavaliere Inglese and his domestic, when a high-bred lacquey entered the hotel, and demanded if there was not an Englishman arrived; and having received an answer in the affirmative, he as speedily withdrew.

There is no man of any nation under heaven, let his rank be ever so exalted, that experiences so warm a reception in all parts of the Continent, as an Englishman.

It should be observed, however, that Sarzana lies wide of the rout that our countrymen usually take, from whence probably the extraordinary politeness I received from its inhabitants may in some respect be accounted for.

The

The servant soon returned with a card from the Dutches de V--ll--ri, requesting the honor of my company to a masked ball and supper at her house; adding, that it would be the last carnival party at Sarzana.——As her billet was written in French, I was under no great apprehensions of being aground for conversation; so having rigged me with all possible expedition, I found one of her carriages waiting for me at the door of my hotel, and without effecting any kind of surprise threw myself into it with a lordly air, and was whirled to the Dutches de V--ll--ri's in a second.

Tho' the Dutches was about fifty, she received me with the glow of fifteen; but as the vermillion in nowise abated for the rest of the evening, it was clear that it arose from no particular emotions about
the

the regions of her heart—She introduced me to every person of quality separately each of whom had the politeness to unmask ; and after having led me down a couple of English country dances, turned me over to the handsomest women of her party.

As much wit, pleasantry, and freedom of conversation were afloat, as I have ever met with in the gay scenes at Paris ; and though the carnival was nearly at an end, there was no appearance of that languor and insipidity so visible in the mercantile assemblies at Genoa.

There was a German of considerable anecdote, who gave me an account of a droll occurrence at Rome—A gentleman of Devonshire was presented to the Pope, who received him with the usual ceremony, by presenting him his hand for salutation—

salutation—My worthy countryman misunderstood his meaning; so taking his holiness fast, he gave him one of those hearty shakes, accompanied with a squeeze of sincerity, by which long absent friends express their satisfaction at meeting.—The Pope drew back; and the Cardinals and company were thunderstruck at the liberty taken with the great Vicar of Christ.

Abel came to my bed side early the next morning to inform me, that if I meant to proceed, it was highly necessary to get up and concert measures for my departure, for that two large families of French aristocratic refugees (which words, if they had been written from his mouth would have been less intelligible) were just arrived in their way to Sienna, and that they had already secured every post-carriage and beast of burden that could
be

be got at; upon which I very soon discovered that nothing was left for me but a frolicsome mule which nobody chose to have any thing to do with; and that unless I meant to take up my residence at Sarzana, it was necessary to have my trunk conveyed to the next post town by one of the baggage waggons belonging to the company aforesaid, and proceed upon this wayward mule.

Abel sat off on foot; and the carriages had no sooner quitted the hotel, than my beast shewed great symptoms of impatience to be of the party. I was no sooner mounted than he scampered away at full speed over the pavement, and turning a corner with more velocity than discretion, shot me into a macaroni shop, where I pitched upon my head against the butt end of a fiddle case; a shock that must have disqualified

disqualified any man from immediate procedure, whom nature had not taken special care to fortify against such accidents.

—The master of the house humanely assisted me in remounting, when off we went again at score; and, tho' much in the habits of riding, I had no more command over my beast, than the illustrious John Gilpin had over his.

We had scarcely overtaken the company, when a landau came by, containing two noblemen and a lady that were at the Duchefs's masked ball; and as I and my mule were in a conspicuous place behind the last voiture, I have very little doubt but in the course of a few hours it was buzzed over all the city of Sarzana, that the ladies of quality had been dancing with a valet-de-chambre.—I comforted myself, however with this consideration,

that, as in all probability I should never see the city of Sarzana again, unless it should be in the character of travelling tutor, I ran no risk by this accident of losing that respect which is usually paid to upper servants of such sort.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Lucca; and as a number of fresh voitures, sufficient for the party, were not to be procured, a great part of the company were obliged to remain there all night, where I left them to enjoy that repose which, by this time probably, you think yourself highly entitled to—For myself, I feel the inclination so strongly upon me, that I shall e'en take the liberty to wish you good night also.

Your's truly, &c

IN CONTINUATION.

AT Lucca, as I have already informed you, my travelling post seemed wholly put a stop to; and after the most diligent search, I could procure neither voiture, cabriole, or any kind of conveyance to forward me to Pisa, excepting a hearse, that had just landed its cargo in a country church-yard, and was on the return.

As night was coming on, I was anxious to get through the remainder of this miserable country, particularly the Bosco Tusciano, where several murders had been lately committed.

A hearse was unquestionably both the safest and cheapest mode of conveyance; so I instantly resolved to put up with the quarters of the deceased.

By the help of a bribe to the landlord at Lucca, my driver had injunctions to set me down at the best hotel at Pisa; and as the murders in the Tuscan wood had little reason to expect much practice or profit in embowelling an hearse, Abel and I had a fine opportunity of reflecting, not so much on the immortality of the soul, as on the corruption of the human body; of which latter the savoury smell of the vehicle occasionally reminded us.

On our arrival at Pisa, the Maitre d' Hotel happened to be at the door—the moment I came forth, he turned pale as ashes; and, I verily believe, thought a second Lazarus “hearsed in death had burst his cearments.”—The driver got hastily down to explain; but he stammered so woefully, that only a word or two bolted out at a time; leaving the rest of
the

the sentence behind, like a great mob forcing itself through a narrow gate-way; —and as the landlord's alarms were but gradually done away, we stood cooling our heels in the area, till the good man, by handling, and other cogent and philosophical methods of conviction, discovered that we were actually flesh and blood.

I am

Yours most truly, &c.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

Florence.

WERE I to choose a residence for comfort, it would be Pisa; but, from the short time allowed me to make my observations, they must of course be few.—The houses are clean and well built; the streets spacious and admirably paved, containing a great deal of good company, undisturbed by the bustle of business.—The beautiful river Arno flows directly through the centre of the city, by the channel of which, a constant mercantile communication is carried on between Florence and Leghorn.—You will easily imagine,

imagine, that the first object of my curiosity was that stupendous structure, the leaning tower. It is built entirely of marble, has seven galleries one over the other; and, as it is nearly two hundred feet high, the view from hence of Leghorn and the Mediterranean on one side, and the windings of the Arno up the rich valley to Florence, on the other, skirted by a rich country of vineyards, is most enchanting.

This tower is said to over-hang about thirteen feet, the effect of which from below is wonderful; but it is easy to discover, by examining the hollow of the shaft, that the ingenious architect hath carefully preserved the centre of gravity, purposely designing its inclination as an eye-trap. The vulgar are constantly expecting its downfall.

The Campo Santo is made of ground said to be brought from Jerufalem, on the walls of which is the history of Job, by Giotto, in six compartments; finely executed upon the whole, but in many places spoilt by being retouched, and in others greatly damaged by the salts in the walls.

A cryer announced that on the following day, save one, a public voiture would start for Florence, so that it became necessary for me, in order to see Leghorn, to set off immediately on a post-horse, and return to Pisa in the morning; which after a couple of ludicrous disasters, that had like to have proved fatal, I effected in tolerable season.

I had letters to a merchant at Leghorn, who, with great politeness attended me to the harbour and the burying ground;
and

and having shewn me every curiosity worthy notice, requested my company to dinner.—He informed me, that the place was inhabited by the most heterogeneous collection of foreigners that might be found in any town in the known world; and, that it was not without great numbers of very wealthy men, who had heretofore paid a certain sum in the pound in England; but that the majority of residents were Jews, insomuch that many imagined this to be the place where they are intended to be reassembled.

The market is frequently so overstocked with English goods, that they are sold under prime cost — a very considerable opportunity for a traveller to rig himself out; more especially as everything in Italy is greatly inferior to British manufacture.

My host had not forgotten to live after the manner he had been used to in his own country, or, might possibly recollect that his visitor had been in the habits of so doing; wherefore he occasionally relieved himself from the fatigues of narrative, by a glass of excellent Port wine; which I did not fail to second; as in the first instance it was nearly a twelve-month since I had regaled my palate with a cordial of this sort, and in the second, that it might not be pleasant to him to drink by himself.

What with the darkness of the night, and the state of elevation to which my hospitable countryman had exalted me, I mistook a private house for my hotel, and at the top of the first flight of stairs, was, to my very great surprize, saluted with the discharge of a pistol, followed
up

up by a blow with a bludgeon on my left shoulder; which I feel to this moment, whenever the wind sets in from the North.

On enquiring in the morning it appeared that this house was inhabited by an elderly Spaniard, who had married a buxom young Greek woman, of whom he was exceedingly jealous; so without preface or parley he hailed me with a broadside, not doubting but that I had come with an intention of raising a plantation on his forehead.—In justice, however, to the surly Don, it should be said, that on calling upon him in the morning, he was thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of his conduct, but took care that the apology should not be made in the presence of his sposa.

About six miles on my return towards

Pisa, a drove of the Grand Duke of Tuscany's camels came by, loaded with the amazing weight of twenty sacks of flour each.—My hackney was so frightened at meeting them, that he wheeled about to the left in full speed; and descending a precipice, shot me into as soft and savoury a bed of mud, as was ever tenanted by toads and tadpoles.—The boys assembled as I entered the town, and ran after me through the streets to my hotel, criticising my appearance with many a witty comparison, and loud demonstrations of most convulsive merriment.

It was the last day of the Carnival, and though no one could be better equipped for masquerade than myself, I thought it would be more respectful to the company to be scraped and perfumed, and appear
in

in a domino.—So after Abel had exhausted his vein of pleasantry, and gotten me in tolerable trim, I went to the masked ball.

The principal humour of the company consisted in the application of sea-phrases imported from Leghorn, and was, I think, the dullest assemblage I had ever seen.—There seemed to be but one character of either novelty or fancy, who appeared in the shell of a turtle preparing a bill of indictment against the Lord Mayor of London.

About six o'clock, (or, according to Italian reckoning) at the first hour of the day, the voiturier waited on me to announce that he should commence his journey to Florence precisely at noon; his demand for each passenger was about seven shillings English; the distance full fifty miles.

On

On entering the carriage, a greater philosopher than myself would have been obliged to unbend, for the company consisted of a group that would have discomposed the tough muscles and inflexible gravity of a Cynic.—In addition to Abel and myself, there were, sitting and lying, a Rabbi, two musicians, a grotesque dancing woman and her sucking child, a dog, a monkey, and a parrot.—Here was nature in as fantastical a shape as may be. In less than half an hour Abel and the monkey became as intimate as if they had been nursed upon the milk of the same cocoa nut.—The Rabbi was very facetious; and the oddity of his person contributed not a little to the effect of his humour. There was such a similitude of colour between the hair upon his face and

and that which grew upon his head, and it was distributed in such equal proportions, that had it not been for his eyes, nose, and mouth, it would have been difficult to ascertain which part of his head had been foremost.—The motion of the carriage affected the stomach of the child, which happily gave us occasional interludes from the clamorous discontent that it otherwise expressed through the organs of sound.

The country through which we moved is pregnant with luxuriance; the vines hang from the limbs of one tree to another, and drop down towards the ground in beautiful festoons.—In Burgundy the earth is adapted to the cultivation of the vine only; but here is a double produce,—the ground beneath the vine being loaded with corn, and the soil scarcely requiring
the

the presence of the sun to bring it to maturity.

At the inn where we slept the monkey descended, and watching the motions of the company, stood upon his hinder legs, politely presenting his paw to the lady; a compliment which she declined in favour of his reverence the Rabbi.

This was the week when the players, dancers, and other personages of the stage, were assembling at Bologna, according to annual custom, to be hired for the ensuing season; so here we were joined by two other voitures, containing passengers of nearly the same complexion.

Scarron had read human nature; this party wanted nothing but his presence to bequeath mankind a new edition of it.

Having supped altogether, it was proposed that the ladies should go to bed first;

first; for though sixteen in number, we had only two chambers for our accommodation. There were two beds in each chamber, which were long and narrow; so placing a pillow at each end, we lay two at the head and two at the feet, stowed away like a packet of tobacco pipes.

During the remainder of the journey, the monkey and parrot entertained us alternately, by an exact imitation both of our words and actions; and I do assure you, though long habituated to Italian conversation, the latter had no mean idea of the English language.—

The afternoon introduced me to the city of Florence, where I took a most affectionate leave of my companions.

I am

Your's truly &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

LADY B.

Florence.

ALL the world knows that your ladyship possesses the finest natural taste for painting that ever woman was endowed with; and it is matter of no small regret, that your rank precludes you from employing this talent for the gratification of others, as well as of yourself, and the few who have the happiness of being admitted to your society.

It is become much the fashion to cross the gulph of Genoa to Lerice, and from thence by land to Florence, whereby all that tedious circuit by way of Turin is avoided;

avoided ; which is, at the same time, both dangerous and uninteresting.—This little trip is frequently performed from Nice in eight and forty hours ; and it is much to be lamented that your ladyship be-
thought you not of taking this method of visiting Florence, previous to your return from the South of France.

To be plain with you, some of your best performances want a little finishing—an art which is not easily acquired without consulting the old masters.

That incomparable picture of the old batchelor, wants life, and the coloring is a good deal gone away.—Your Widow Lackit would be the better for refreshing, and should certainly have a gentle retouch of the brush.

But to give you some idea of this wonderful

derful place, and its contents, my arrival, reception, &c.—

As soon as I had taken my usual refreshment, a warm bath (which of all luxuries contributes most to do away the fatigues of a long journey) I hired a carozza, and gave orders to be driven to the English ambassadors.

My lord H—— was unfortunately gone to Bologna, supposed to be paying his court to an opera g——l of much report there.—I was somewhat chagrined at this disappointment, as my barber and chariot, together with the use of a more experienced valet than Abel, had put me to more unnecessary expence than the remnant of the two hundred pounds would well admit of; so that, on the following day, I adopted a more natural mode, by
conveying

conveying my body to his excellency's palace upon a couple of legs.—This breach of all form, and courtly etiquette, lessened not the warmth of my reception; and I got a more solid and satisfactory meal than I have made since the last day I dined in the city of London; which was on the principal part of a barbacue.

In justice to this minister it should be said, that nothing on his part is wanting to render Florence an agreeable residence to the English; his box at the opera is always open to them; his entertainments are frequent and magnificent; and his whole establishment is on a scale of splendor and consistency becoming the representative of the crown of England.

His lordship specially cautioned me against going into the apartment of the Venus de Medicis, till I had made my observ

observations on every thing else worthy notice at Florence; for, that so astonishing had been the effect of her charms on the minds of a great many visitors, that they had departed without the least knowledge of its other contents; had passed their whole time in gazing at her, and at length had actually gone away in love with a statue.

Strange infatuation!—However, I took his lordship's advice, having no inclination to supplant my little idol of North Wales with any thing so cold and unfeeling as the Venus de Medicis; and, therefore, began with the church and library of St. Lorenzo, where the votaries of superstition and curiosity find ample gratification for their palates.

In the latter is supposed to be the best collection of manuscripts in Italy, but
being

being an indifferent judge of their merits, I shall just mention to you that which struck me most forcibly, and which I am surprized to see no account of in the many doggrel records of the curiosities of Florence—it is a most beautiful manuscript in Petrarch's own hand-writing.—

Petrarch was ever dreaming of his Laura, and practised every contrivance that human ingenuity could suggest to immortalize her beauty, and his affection for her.

On the second and third pages of this book are painted, by no mean artist (for the colours are to this day as fresh as life), the portraits of himself and Laura.

There is much gallantry in this.

The manuscript is never shewn unless particularly asked for; and as the leaves
are

are seldom opened, these lovers are almost in perpetual contact.

I have received much pleasure from the sight of this; but, have in store for you, Madam, a much more rational enjoyment—even to see and converse with one of her posterity.—Under the tuition of my learned friend, and fellow-collegian, the present master of the charter-house is at this day an actual descendant of the lovely Laura.—I have been just now made acquainted with this circumstance, and do greatly envy you the power of convincing yourself of the fact, and the extreme gratification you will receive therefrom.

After acquainting you with this circumstance, it will be in vain to request the honor of your company at Florence any longer for the present—we will therefore
defer

defer examining the grand duke's treasures; lest, as a punishment for presuming to delay you from obtaining immediate and visible testimony of the truth of what I have communicated, you should commit my letter, and the statement of the grand duke of Tuscany's curiosities, to the flames.

I have the honor to be

Your ladyship's, &c.

LETTER VII.

LADY B.

Florence.

THE grand duke is himself no contemptible connoisseur; he passes great part of his afternoons in the gallery and cabinets, and arranges the contents with considerable taste and effect. On these occasions the doors are never open to any but the anointed.

It is singular, however, that he should have left his whole collection of statues for the decoration of the gallery and rooms adjoining, whilst the Palazzo Pitti, or Royal Residence, is crowded with the best works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and

all the most incomparable painters that the world can boast of. So exquisite is this collection, that, could a man divest himself of the knowledge that these chef-d'œuvres have made their appearance in different ages, he would be led to believe that all the great masters had sat down together, in rivalry, painting for the laurel.

Abel and I have found admission several times—he gazes at these wonderful performances with a sort of stupor that gives him the appearance of a statue, and, from the cut of him, he might easily be mistaken for one of as ancient a date as any in the Grand Duke's possession.—Here is the celebrated Madonna della sedia by Raphael. My critic valet rivetted his eyes upon it with extreme attention, and told me he

thought it a poor performance for the palace of the Grand Duke, for that he had frequently seen the like in an English cottage.

I know not why I trouble your ladyship with the remarks of this bumkin, unless it is because they entertain me, and have unquestionably a title to originality.—In short, I have very little doubt but that if an oran outang was looking at a puppet-show, and one of Raphael's best pictures placed by the side of it, punch and his wife might go to the devil.

For carving work, the brass doors of the baptistery adjoining the cathedral are held in great estimation—they are upon a large scale, containing squares of sacred history most effectively told, and most delicately finished.—Some one asked Michael Angelo
his

his opinion of these doors: "They are such," said he, "as I expect to find at the entrance of heaven."

But to return to the gallery (though I have no thought of sending you a catalogue of its contents). The Bacchus by Michael Angelo is perhaps more worthy notice than the many ancient statues found at Herculaneum, &c. This figure looks so extremely drunk, that one almost doubts his non-existence. The only absurd thing in the apartment is a painting of Venus combing Cupid.

I have frequently endeavoured to draw Abel into the tribune, to know his opinion of the Venus de Medicis; but Abel has no taste for statuary; and, unfortunately, just at the entrance is an interesting scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife; the former is in the act of disengaging himself

from the embrace of the latter, who is unquestionably a most delicious specimen of female frailty, just stepped out of bed, and endeavouring to prevail on the undefiled Joseph to recline his head on Potiphar's pillow.—Abel gives Joseph little credit for his self-denial; and I had occasion to reprimand him for a licentious remark to this effect,—“ That he did not believe Joseph would have been so shy, unless he had been afraid that Potiphar would catch him.”

You are doubtless a little curious, madam, to know my opinion of the Venus de Medicis. The delicacy and beauty of this sketch of human art are inconceivable; no wonder that I am as ill able to describe her to you, as all those learned gentlemen who have been bold and unsuccessful enough to touch upon the subject.—

She

She is unquestionably rather under size; and I think in point of height, much about the size of my little Welsh woman; though, in justice to the eternal truth of history, it must be confessed, "that the Venus de Medicis has *some* points which my little Welsh woman has not." The arms are modern; and, though the ingenious artist may not have succeeded in their proportion so well as the immortal Greek, he hath probably excelled in the disposition of them; or, at least, preserved that ravishing delicacy which so happily conceals from the eye of the beholder those charms — — —

POSTSCRIPT.

HOW completely a sentence is marr'd by the poverty of language in expressing the richness of a man's ideas; though, I believe upon the present occasion, if the cream of all the known languages were culled, they would furnish but a scanty supply.

And so here, gentle reader, I must put an end to the description of the Venus de Medicis, and request the honour of your attendance in the gallery of Florence on some future occasion; for though five minutes ago I had so far imposed on my senses, as to fancy that I was actually writing from the tribune, with the lovely object of universal admiration before my eyes; and, in order to give you her portrait in all the glow of language I was
master

master of, rose, as I fondly thought, to take a turn or two along the corridors of the Grand Duke's gallery—alas! I have stridden thrice, and run my head against a partition that brings me to the sad remembrance, that *I am copying the original letter to her ladyship* for your perusal, in a room of nine feet square, in the ragged town of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.—

A woeful change; and so contrastical, that I would fain give you some idea of the difference between my apartment and the Grand Duke of Tuscany's.—

My landlord is a surgeon and apothecary—the room from whence I write faces the street; which, being neither splendid as the Roman Corso; nor capacious as the Neapolitan Toledo, the tinman opposite disturbs me mightily.

We want not this musician to play second to the domestic harmony; for mine host hath several small children, and, though himself as good-natured a fellow as ever was ruffled by family misfortunes, his better part is of a less temperate disposition; wherefore inheriting the mother's foible, these discontented babes continually do cry.

The partition between the nursery and myself, is made of lath and plaster; drilled with as many peep-holes as a cullender; and in the druggary adjoining, the pestle and mortar are for ever going.

The back door opens to the church-yard, for the convenience I presume of having an eye upon his old patients; or perhaps, of sometimes bringing them again under his hands as subjects of dissection.

But

But though this is a smuggling sort of a process, a more accurate ascertainment of the curious mechanism of the human frame may not be amiss in these parts; for mine host informs me, that your country surgeon now and then cuts through an artery in his way to a vein; says, that profuse bleeding was required; and stops it with a styptic.

My bed-room looks directly down upon the dreary mansions of the dead; a prospect sufficiently well adapted to a contemplative mind, was it not that the parish chimes (which jingle opposite, and were originally set to one of David's psalms, after the lively translation of Sternhold and Hopkins) are now extremely noisy and confused.

In course of time it seems, these chimes became so crowded with rust and jack-

daws' nests, that the taste of Sternhold and Hopkins began to be called in question.—A shoe-brusher, who was thought an object of parochial charity, had the charge of cleaning them.—After he had taken them to pieces, and brushed and oiled them well, he had forgotten the order in which they stood, and being little acquainted with the doctrines of harmony, put them together as they came. And as he placed them so they play.—
—Grand duke of Tuscany, how whimsical is fortune! thou mightest have been the humble renter of this dreary dwelling; and I, the proudest despot that e'er swayed an empire.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

R. P. ESQ.

Rome.

HAVING passed fourteen mornings successively in the gallery and adjoining apartments, and fourteen afternoons in the best company I could get, (though by far the worst that I have met with on the continent) I advertized for a travelling companion.

A couple of English were at Meggitt's hotel, a house usually frequented by gentlemen from this country, but a house which very few gentlemen find it convenient to frequent who are going up Italy upon a wreck of about one fifth of two hundred pounds, to convey them to the top of Mount Vesuvius, and back again to England.

We

We agreed for a sort of coach and four to carry us the whole journey to Rome. —One of my companions had spent a great deal of his time abroad, a son of an English baronet, a very pleasant well bred man.—The other was from North Wales.

It is not unusual to meet with the catholics of Ireland, in many parts of both France and Italy, under the mask of priests, friars, &c. but of the very few that emerge from North Wales, this was the only one I had ever seen abroad.

He was a man it seems of a good old family, but was supposed to be likely to reflect no great lustre upon it, from having taken to the profession of historical painting, a science so little understood by the generality of mankind, that he who has a taste for it, is frequently looked upon
in

in no better light than a sign-painter; nor do I believe that it will acquire popularity from the gentleman in question, for he seems to have over-rated his abilities as much in this, as in other respects.

We left Florence before day-break, for the purpose of reaching the city of Sienna by dinner time.—The Welshman appeared to be remarkably reserved, and seldom spoke.—But he had a head like a humming top, and for several hours never ceased practising the same dull tune.—After breakfast however, in consequence of the brandy with which he qualified his coffee, his bashfulness began to wear away, but there was still an air of mystery about him; he would frequently turn to me, and communicate a thing as well known as a newspaper paragraph, with as cautious a whisper as
if

if he was conning with a confederate on a plot against the state.

We arrived at Sienna about four, and sat down to a most excellent dinner with two Englishmen who had resided there above a year, in consequence of an attachment to a couple of married ladies.—

As truly well bred men generally do, our hosts paid the most attention to him that deserved it the least; and having discovered the Welshman's favourite pursuit, immediately entered on the subject of painting.

Our fellow-traveller brightened up, and soon after dinner began to give us the whole history of himself.—Amongst other things, he was a three-bottled man; one bottle however seemed resolved on conquest; and the effect of the wine very soon
made

made its appearance.—He had gradually raised his voice to such a pitch, that it was almost impossible to bear it—it became as powerful and piercing as a bugle-horn; to which his skull (for he had by some accident lost the roof of his mouth, and nature had taken care that there should be no other intermediate substance) acted as a sort of sounding-board.—

I never sat down with a three-bottled man in my life, who hath not mistaken the centre of gravity in the course of the evening;—accordingly about two hours after the dinner was removed, our young Sir Joshua lost the perpendicular, and fell flat upon the carpet, where he lay snoring till morning. We raised his head however sufficiently above the level of the floor to save him from suffocation, by placing an
empty

empty bottle beneath it, and wrapping a napkin round by way of pillow-case; and when we went to bed we left a large tumbler of strong gin and water by his bed-side, in case he should be thirsty in the night.

Sienna is an ancient, well-built city, so beautifully situated that it is visible at the distance of twelve miles on every side.—The cathedral is a noble gothic edifice, built chiefly of black marble.—The population does not exceed one third of what it was in former times.—The purest language in Italy is spoken there; and the women are particularly beautiful; so we hurried off very early the next morning, lest the same fascination should act upon us, that seemed likely to detain our friends there for the remainder of their lives.

After a twelve hours' trance the Welsh-
man

man arose and walked into the breakfast room—a perfect picture of one just risen from the dead. He stared wildly round him, and said he had been in the regions of the blessed since last he saw us, but that the pangs of mortality were now returning.—His eyes were sunk into their sockets—his head ached violently—he shook it, and modestly resigned the title of a three-bottled man; after which concession, the three Englishmen, Abel, and myself, lifted him into the voiture, and walked into the back-yard of the hotel in quest of our viturino.

We found him, his four beasts, and a fair one of the country, lying indiscriminately in an open stable; and, having roused him, made an apology for this early intrusion.—The parting between him and his dulcinea was truly affecting.

—He kissed her with uncommon rapture—
—bade her adieu—then walked a yard or two, and turned about, and caught her in his arms again—then took his last farewell, and quitted her once more, and swore he would return on such a night, at such an hour, and lock her in his arms again on this same bed of straw.—

I could not help reflecting on that joyless insincerity that usually forces itself into the embraces of the great.

Here was no bed of down—embroidered canopy—or gilded tester, to make a luxury of love—Their humble covering corresponded with the materials beneath;—it was a flimsy roof of thatch, that barely screened them from the coldness of the night—the owls had burrowed many a hole through it—the stars alone were conscious of their loves, and kindly winked at their delights.

Our

Our driver (a hale swarthy fellow, who well deserved the appellation, for he marched three-fourths of the journey) occasionally reminded his mules of their business by the application of a waggon-whip, followed up by a language totally novel to us; but which possibly they, from the constant intercourse that existed between man and beast, completely comprehended, though they paid but little attention to its meaning.

We passed two miserable nights at miserable inns; and what added to the tediousness of the journey was, that we could never prevail upon our conductor to stir one inch after sun-set, though he usually stirred us an hour or two before it rose.

During this time we passed by Clusium and other places of classic record.—On the mountains were vast fragments of
rocks

rocks thrown up by volcanos that are now extinct; and in the vallies ragged remains of ancient towns, which former Popes had caused to be destroyed, in consequence of the badness of the air, which had nearly annihilated their population.

During this time the Welshman still remained stupified.—Abel chuckled much at the superiority of entertainment his own absurdity afforded, till we arrived at Monte Rosi, where a female, well worthy the attention of a natural philosopher, sat in the bar of the coffee house; who began to relumine the former, and gave us hopes that he might be a decent companion during the remainder of the journey. As the hour of dinner approached he began to abound with the miraculous, and gave us surprising anecdotes of the prowess of his countrymen.

There

There was a good ordinary at Viterbo, just served up at the hotel as we arrived. The expence was about an English shilling, which we fairly had out in wit; but as conversation was a non-substantial, and attic salt cost the landlord nothing, we ate, and faith in such a manner that a bye-stander would have supposed we owed him a grudge.—

There was a Frenchman of genuine wit and brilliant repartee:—he had travelled from a child—spoke all modern languages with prodigious fluency—had passed a great deal of his time in England—knew the customs of the country, and the very foibles of its inhabitants—and would now and then throw in a pat quotation from the illustrious Joseph Miller, (who was his favourite author) with humour and success.—

The

The Welshman unguardedly took the lead—he had a trick of stretching truth to such an extent of probability, that one hardly knew it again.—The Frenchman was resolved to lay him on his back.

As what is before the senses usually suggests the subject of conversation, our topic was the splendid entertainments of the Genoese nobles.—But these were luncheons to what the Welshman had seen at Sir W. W. W——'s. He had known twenty cooks employed in the house at one time.—“Aye,” quoth the Frenchman, archly “Every man, Sir, I suppose, toasted his own cheese.”

The Welshman was so completely let into the light of himself, that he spoke very little during the remainder of our journey; but, as his jaws were in the habit of going, he purchased some pipes
of

of unboiled macaroni, to keep them in practice from one house of accommodation to the other.

Our adventures at Rome shall be the subject of my next.—

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER IX.

R. P. ESQ.

Rome.

SIXTEEN miles short of Rome, whilst I and my companions were fast asleep, Abel started up and cheered us with a tallyho! —A fox had just crossed before the carriage; and, as I had a great curiosity to see a Roman fox, I jumped out and followed him with my eyes as far as they would permit me—He was marked in a very extraordinary manner with spots of various colours, and had a brush like a painted truncheon; but as the day was remarkably clear, a much more magnificent object arrested my attention—Even the dome of St. Peter's, and the mighty battlements of Rome.

No

No wonder Hannibal halted here, to feast his eye up the plains of Italy, and the city that controuled the empire of the world.

I walked down the hill, enquiring of the viturino touching the said Hannibal—whether he knew any thing of him—or whether he had ever seen the Roman eagles—“he knew nothing of Hannibal, he said, but had often seen very large birds in those parts.”

The entrance to Rome by the Porta del Popola is extremely grand; not so much on account of the magnificence of the structure, as that the three principal streets go off at different angles; each a mile in a strait line, and all opening upon you at once.

Having given our names to the officer of the gate, we were drawn to the do-

gana, or house of examination. I had unfortunately, amongst a dozen volumes which I usually carried about me, a common prayer book. My little library was immediately seized, and as soon as the literati had examined it, a detainer was issued against the proprietor: The crime alledged, that I had endeavoured to smuggle the spirit of Protestantism into the very custom-house of Roman Catholic superstition. At the instance, however, of the banker, who assured them I had no intentions of supplanting the Pope, I was suffered to depart—but the books were withheld; and some days after I sent a trusty servant to demand them, who brought back all except two, which he was assured would not be returned; these were handsomely gilt and bound; and within a week I found them upon sale at
a print-

a print-shop, but was advised not to stir in the business, for that my trusty servant would in all probability seek his revenge, by sheathing the blade of his stiletto in some vital part about me.

As soon as I had secured an apartment at the hotel to which we were recommended (and to which I will take great care never to recommend any body else)—I hastened to the Vatican; unable to rest till I had gratified my eyes with a sight of the Apollo, Laocoon, Antinous, &c. &c. &c. ---and I have great pleasure in assuring you that they exceed my most sanguine expectations, stand precisely where they did, and are taken all possible care of, even to the shaking a sack of old rubbish over them every now and then to give them more the appearance of antiquity.---

The particulars of this amazing city I mean to reserve for the long evenings in England, for a doggerel catalogue of the curiosities of Rome would afford little gratification to a man that is idle enough to sit down and read such a medley as this--and as for a description of them, I am sorry that so many learned gentlemen have employed their talents to so little purpose.

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis cequam

"Viribus"

--was the precept of a very ingenious and pleasant fellow; and one whose advice no one is more inclined to follow than myself.--Besides, experience hath proved to me, that the trowel, the chissel, and the brush, are capable of expressing languages that have never been communicated to the pen, or the printing-office.

There

There is a quarter in all capitals, where it is almost necessary for a gentleman to dwell—it gives a man a currency in the fashionable circles.

“*Noscitur a socio*” is a proverb of very antient date; and from the present inhabitants of the parishes that are called after them, I have no doubt but there was a greater contrast between the manners and courtly appearance of St. Giles and St. James, than of any two saints upon the calendar.

I thied me, therefore, to the Piazza di Spagna; and from thence to the Corso—so that a man's residence be in one of these, it is a matter of indifference whether it be up stairs or down, especially among people who have so little idea of hospitality as the Romans—for a message is usually left at the door, and requires no answer.

When in quest of a lodging, I have been frequently taken for an astronomer; for I never think of paying the least attention to the first, second, or third floor, but in respect to the fourth, fifth, and sixth, no man's eye is more in the habits of catching

LODGINGS TO LET—

Accordingly in the fifth story of the Corso, I hired a tolerable apartment, at the rate of fifteen shillings a month—It was extremely tremendous to look down from, but advantageous in other respects; for though I had a complete view of every one that passed, no one could see me without running the risk of a crick in the neck.

There was a very numerous and a very sociable set of English at Rome; but as English society was not the object I came to Rome in search of, I visited a few friends

friends only, whom I had either known at home, or had been previously acquainted with abroad---For people move up Italy like a regiment of wooden soldiers across a stage; the same company is always together.

For three weeks I was never off my legs from breakfast time till it was dark; and as soon as I had taken refreshment, which was usually of the feathered sort (for people eat jack-daws, jays, magpies, bats, robins, and tom-tits at Rome), I spent the remainder of the evening with an Italian master, conversing on the wonderful things which I had seen in the course of the day.

I accordingly made a point of accepting no ceremonious invitations to card parties, &c. usually excusing myself in as polite and respectful terms as possible.

I have the honour to be

Yours, &c.

F 5

LETTER

LETTER X.

R. P. ESQ.

Rome.

I DOUBT much whether these common occurrences are not of too familiar a sort for a man of your imagination to relish.— You want a little gallantry to give a goût to anecdote.—In France it is as difficult to steer clear of adventures of that description, as it is in Italy to put oneself in the way of them.—Whether from example or climate I know not, but I *now* sometimes doubt whether an ancient statue is not a handsomer thing than a modern fine woman; and accident hath thrown in my way a fair opportunity of making

making daily comparisons; for at the foot of my bed I have a small window that looks into a neighbour's nursery, where a tolerable good-looking wench has the care of an infant of quality; and, whether for the purpose of displaying her own charms, or those of the babe, she frequently draws back the curtain.

The manner in which the Italians treat their infants seems to be as barbarous as it is monstrous.—Bandages of flannel are swathed from their feet to their shoulders, so tight that they can hardly perform the functions of nature.—They lie inactive, and look like little Egyptian mummies.—Their legs and thighs soon become of equal diameter.—Nature breaks out at the top of the back (which is the first place that is clear of confinement), and

hence, I believe, arise the eternal deformities one meets with in Italy.

The English and French are a great deal more graceful in their persons, and manly in their stature, from the liberty given to their limbs, and the natural circulation of the blood; but in other respects the treatment of children both in Italy and France is infinitely more consistent than ours; for they are never visible till years of maturity render them proper objects of society, and are kept constantly under the eye of their tutor or governess.

There is, therefore, an error in the education of infants arising from the fondness or folly of English mothers, with which our neighbours on the continent take special care never to annoy society.--During the whole time of dinner you are usually

usually entertained with a catalogue of the exploits of the first-born—the cloth is no sooner removed than this prodigy is ushered into the room; when, if you wish to pay court to the mother (whether on account of her charms; or, in order to secure you in future the fins of the turbot) you must patiently endure him on your knee—listen to all the sage remarks he is disposed to make—speak of his sagacity with admiration—cram him with all the best fruit at table—and are seldom released from your purgatory till he is ordered to be removed because his stomach complains of your kindness, and he has broken as many glasses and desert plates as a monkey let loose in a china-shop.

This is an animal that the people of fashion in France have the good sense *never* to bring into company; but I one day

day met with a sample of the ordinary
fort, marching on the Boulevards at Paris,
(which though little to do with the city of
Rome) I beg leave to mention as touching
the contrast of education and training.

He was a brawny, martial looking boy,
that stood like a colossus—he wore a tur-
ban on his head, fringed round with hal-
berd-spikes, and had a little brass cannon
for a play-thing.—His mother held him by
the hand.—She was a swarthy hag, with
a countenance of that shining hue that
gave her the appearance of a varnished
blackamoor.—I questioned her as to the
father of this brave boy—his mode of edu-
cation, &c.—She told me he had fed on
butcher's meat from three days old, having
taken a natural dislike to the usual chan-
nel of nutrition from the moment he was
born—(I was in no-wise astonished at the
squeam-

squeamishness of this tasty babe).—She then said, doubtingly, that his father was one of the regiment of the king's Swiss guards—that he intended his son to be a warrior, and had therefore given him the education of count Fathom; having taught him at eleven weeks old to suck brandy, impregnated with gun-powder, through the touch-hole of his little cannon.—

Now let me give you a relish for your classical palate.—When a man hath indulged himself with gazing at the stupendous architecture of the Romans, the exquisite sculpture of the Greeks, and the immortal paintings of the old masters, (which two latter have been collected from the bowels of the earth, and from all the choice cabinets of Europe) he will find a fresh source of gratification in visiting the
ruins.

ruins of the Roman villas, Tivoli, Frascati, and the camp of old Hannibal.

The latter stood upon a mountain that looks down upon the very battlements of Rome.—His army was somewhat sheltered by the crater of an old volcano, so immense that it almost encircled it; adjoining was a plain where they were kept in health and exercise; and here this hardy veteran passed one of the severest winters ever known, after having lost an eye in traversing the Alps and Appenines.

From hence I accompanied a friend of much science and diligent research to Tivoli.

Adjoining was the celebrated Sabine farm of Horace—its ruins stand right opposite the stately villa of Mæcenas—before his windows fell the whole body of the Anio—an immense fall of water down craggy
rocks

rocks nearly three hundred feet perpendicular.—Around him lived Lepidus, Catullus, and Propertius, within the trumpets call that usually announced their patron's dinner.—Hard by is the grotto of Neptune, and a beautiful Ionic temple, now the property of a vile inn-keeper, tenanted by toads and beasts of burthen.

There is a pleasure in wandering about these classic grounds that adds enchantment to the scene—here you saunter along the banks where Horace used to walk—the very library where he used to read—the little domestic temple where he used to pray—you feel almost inclined to fall down before the ruins of a Pagan altar, to kneel upon the same stone that Horace did; and this delightful spot is now the property of a few stupid friars, who seem ~~so~~ ~~wise~~ enlightened by the sacred ground
on

on which they have the privilege to tread.

I have a pleasure in reflecting on this scene, which the conclusion of this letter may as well give you an opportunity of enjoying also.

I remain, therefore,

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Rome.

WHAT to do with my shallow domestic I know not--the fellow hath been perverted by an Irish renegado, and is crossing his forehead and beating his breast before every Virgin Mary he passes:—if I take him to a church there is no getting him away; and if I leave him at home I am obliged, when I return, to go to the churches to find him.

As the holy week is at hand, pilgrims are flocking in from all parts of the globe:

Previous to their partaking of the general pardon, it is required that they shall

shall have paid their adoration to the crucifix at the top of the stair-case that was brought from Jerusalem; and which is said to be taken from Pontius Pilate's house; being the same that our Saviour frequently ascended to undergo examination.

I have practised myself to look at the Catholic ceremonies with temper; but this scene was so infinitely ridiculous, that, without any evil intentions, I threw a whole body of pilgrims into the utmost consternation.

The stair-case consists of eight-and-twenty marble steps; each of which may hold about ten people abreast, and at this season of the year it is constantly crowded.—The pope himself durst not mount it on his feet.—Upwards of two hundred pilgrims were at this instant ascending, to
pay

pay homage to the crucifix, *on their knees*, and in this attitude moving on from step to step towards the top—Figure to yourself this group—They first appeared to me to be afflicted with the hip gout—they moved like horses with the stringhalt—I could still have borne it all, had I not seen Abel grubbing on in the midst of them, which made me burst into such a fit of laughter, that the holy ones were thrown into such a scene of confusion as you have never witnessed. Suddenly recollecting the expence of plush breeches, I commanded Abel to descend.—Enthusiasm had deafened him to every wordly consideration;—and, what added to my chagrin was, that the pilgrims had greatly the advantage of him, ten out of eleven being fans culottes—so finding all remonstancé ineffectual, I waited

waited to see the conclusion of the ceremony.

The holy receptacle at the top contains a splendid crucifix, surrounded by about a dozen portable saints, which are shewn off by a strong light in the back ground; and it has much the appearance of a magic lantern. As the pilgrims advance they batter their foreheads against the upper step, more or less according to their superstition, or the weight of sin that overwhelms them; and then, as the same method of descent, being as I have informed you, upon their knees, might possibly be more rapid, they go off at the top thro' two narrow passages or defiles that look like a couple of cracks in the wall; which, I suppose, are intended to answer the purpose of a weighing machine, to ascertain how

how much they are wasted by fasting and praying.

It was evident that they had not used the same artificial means of reducing themselves, that a Newmarket jockey does, by wearing a dozen flannel waist-coats at a time; for most of them were barely covered with the remnant of a shirt—what fasting might have done I know not, but am apt to give very little credit to the effect of their prayers.—Indeed there was a more natural way of accounting for their leanness, as most of them had walked some hundreds of miles previous to the ceremony; and we may discover a cause for the strange attitude which they used on the occasion, by conjecturing, that being leg-weary, they had recourse to their knees by way of a change.

These narrow passages did well enough
for

for a mortified taper catholic, (one or two of whom I have seen towards the conclusion of Lent, reduced to such a point that one might almost have threaded a bodkin with them) but in nowise answered the purpose of your portly well-fed protestant; so Abel, as was easy to foresee, stuck fast in the middle—several of them endeavoured to pull him through, till at last he was so completely wedged in that he could neither get backwards nor forwards—Finding him in this situation, the pilgrims were suddenly disarmed of sufficient strength to withstand the temptations of their old pilfering system; so one ran away with his hat, another clawed hold of his hair, and had very nearly scalped him, supposing it to be a wig—In short, after a violent exertion, Abel effected his escape, and promised to make no more religious

religious experiments for the present ; but is persuaded that he should never have got through, had it not been for the interference of the crucifix and portable saints.

Hard by this holy staircase, is the wall under which Belisarius begged—Belisarius was not there ; but in his room lay a lubbard basking in the sun, with whom I entered into conversation. From his first appearance I concluded him to be in the last stage of a dropfy ; till I found by his story, and the more forcible application of my hand, that my eyes had deceived me. He informed me that he was of a very inactive disposition ; and that rather than submit to any sort of bodily fatigue, he had used himself to subsist on the little support he could derive from the contributions of the charitable—That this dropfical appearance had arisen from his having

been obliged to live in the most pestilential parts of Rome; that it had increased from being constantly exposed to the night air; and that at length the whole protuberance, which is usually encircled by a waistcoat, had become-cased like the back of a turtle.

On enquiry concerning the cause of this phenomenon, I found that many of the lowest class of people, who were from necessity obliged to reside in that most unwholesome part of Rome towards the Tiber, were in the same predicament; and in this situation had been frequently known to hold out to a much greater age than will probably be the lot either of you, or

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

LADY B.

Rome.

AND so the brilliant Heloise hath at length made her appearance in the London circles!—I am not astonished at the raptures with which men view her—Had you found her less beautiful, you might have reasonably accused me of having been too lavish in her praises when I wrote from Paris; and, had she been less admired, I should have had to lament that all taste was at an end in England. Tell her how much I rejoice to hear that the old family contract is broken off.—A few samples of matrimonial felicity on our side of the water, will teach her to value man, and how to love as we do.

G 2

I have

I have just received a packet from Bullion (my banker at Marseilles) informing me that some hampers of wine are lodged there from Montauban.—It is a present from that good old man, who clasped the wretched daughter to his heart, whom I had once the happiness to rescue—within the packet was a letter from himself, apologizing for the trifling present he had sent me. He tells me that Montauban is hardly big enough to hold their happiness; and, after some reflections on the recovery of his long-lost child, he informs me that he hath promised all his neighbours to hold an annual feast upon the day—and then concludes with saying, that a wealthy wine merchant of Bourdeaux hath demanded her in marriage.—Then follows, in Marianne's own handwriting, a postscript that probed me to the quick—

quick---It stated that I, who had been the instrument of the present happiness, had the best right to the disposal of the future; and her paragraph concludes with a compliment I had little reason to expect; even to know whether she has my consent!---

On reading this, I rose, and took a turn or two across the room; and then sat down again; and found myself in such a state of strange emotion, that when I looked within me, I never felt myself so great a wretch---then took a pen, and straightway wrote down "Yes;" and sent it to post the moment I had sealed it, lest the infirmity of my nature should tempt me to be a scoundrel.---How despicable was it thus to hesitate!---

Believe me, madam, I am in no danger from the Roman ladies---the women of

quality here are in general extremely ugly; and from that unhallowed intercourse that is carried on amongst them, they are no more like the dames of better times, than the grub is to the silk-worm from which it is produced. Indeed I much question whether they can give a more rational account of their pedigree than the said grub.

Women of the middle rank have in general the true Roman face, as may be seen from their resemblance to the ancient statues; which proves that their line of descent hath not been broken by the same plan of commerce as that of the great, who have usually a feature which seems to acknowledge a relationship to every nation upon earth.

At an annual ceremony which took place a few days since at the church called
ed

ed La Minerva, I saw a few girls of the former description extremely beautiful.

This is a singular custom.—The pope, attended by the cardinals in chariots of state, advances to the door.

He is there raised on men's shoulders in a splendid chair, and carried round the church, distributing his benediction to all he passes—some sacred music follows, at the conclusion of which an hundred virgins advance in regular procession, coupled to one another by a double ring, and each holding a lighted taper in her hand.—Such as wish to marry are immediately released; and his holiness presents a portion of thirty crowns to every one that is demanded on the spot, provided the person who demands her produces the same sum.—Those who prefer the veil (which to my

astonishment consisted of by far the greater part of them) return coupled to the convent, in which they are shut up for ever.

The women of Florence are mostly very pretty, but they have a disagreeable method of gutturizing, like the common people of North Wales.—One hardly feels an inclination to come into contact with the pouting lip through which this hideous croaking passes. They look as if they pouted from disgust.

The holy week is at hand, after which I shall proceed to Naples ; and as soon as this fashionable part of my education is completed, I fly to you and Heloise swifter than light—and tell you wondrous tales about Elyfian Fields, and cities under ground, and burning mountains—and so beguile the winter evenings ;—and then at night stalk gently up the stairs,
and

and flip a piece of bride-cake from Montauban, beneath the envied pillow that hugs the alabaster neck of Heloise—and in the morning swing with her in Merlin's flying car.—Oh! how the French women love swinging!

Perdition catch that gloomy wretch who swears that man hath no enjoyment here!—Thou caitiff; callest thou it not bliss, to float along 'twixt earth and heaven, clasping an angel in thine arms!—It is a foretaste——hold! my brain swims.—How wears the Moon?——

loving maddam,

blefs us, masters stark staring mad. he vows he'll flea me a live if i dont send this letter to u. and so i sends it.

abel veal

room the 26th. of march

LETTER XIII.

R. P. ESQ.

Rome.

IT is now the holy week; a time, when all nations that acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, are collected together in one focus, to partake of the genial influence of his blessing. Guess what a crowd there is at Rome.—

The miserere, or sacred music upon this occasion, is the most exquisite and touching in the world.—The Pope, the cardinals, the English, and such noblemen of other countries as the guards think proper to admit, assemble in the Vatican chapel towards the setting sun, which

which at once throws a light on that stupendous work of Michael Angelo's, the general judgment; which prepares the mind for the solemn feast that is to follow.

As there is little twilight, darkness is ushered in with a few tapers---suddenly they are all extinguished, and the whole company remain invisible to each other.---The most heavenly music commences---the sounds seem to proceed from every quarter around you, and yet the voices are in most perfect unison---I have never felt so strange an emotion as this---the eunuchs that perform these anthems have yearly stipends, and are disqualified from taking a part in any other music whatsoever, lest their tones or taste should be corrupted.

On the following morning the same

company is again assembled, when^{*} his Holiness condescends to wash the feet of twelve poor priests.—A pail is literally carried round from man to man; the Pope puts on a sort of butcher's apron, strips his arms bare, souses each man's foot into the water, and washes it in imitation of his lord and master.

• These poor fellows appeared never to have been in good company before, and to be much more sensible of the painfulness of their situation, than of the high honour that was done them.

This affectation of humility in his Holiness, however, appeared to be not less blasphemous than absurd; and is no sooner over, than the great Vicar of Christ re-assumes his pontifical regalia, ascends a costly chair of state, and is carried in
Eastern

Eastern pomp upon the shoulders of his vassals into the centre window of St. Peter's; where, lest the sun should scorch his sacred head, he is placed under an embroidered canopy, supported by the cardinals and bishops.

This spectacle was more interesting than the washing scene.—About 60,000 people were assembled, who at once dropped upon their knees, uncovered; and whilst they were beating their foreheads on the pavement, thumping their breasts, and appearing to be in a violent passion; this old impostor raised himself with a majestic air, and dealt God's pardon around him with the authority of one descended with divine commission from the Throne of Grace.

At once the heavens were almost rent by the cannon at the castle of St. Angelo,
which

which, at a signal given, announce the joyful moment of regeneration, by one general explosion.

The whole mass of people believe themselves to be instantly purified from all sin, and washed as clean as the apostles' feet; —the deluded, consequently looking forward to the return of the anniversary, swell anew their black catalogue of vices, and begin a fresh score of murders, adulteries, &c. &c.

The evening concludes with a most brilliant firework; to furnish which two thousand crowns are allowed from the public chest—it is exhibited from the castle of St. Angelo, which is built on the immense tomb of Adrian, close to the Tiber—I hired a window across the water, which added infinitely to the effect. The conclusion is the grandest scene I
ever

ever saw.—In imitation of an eruption of Mount Vefuvius, the whole atmosphere is at once illuminated by a discharge of five thousand sky rockets.

At night the Operas re-commence, which are discontinued during the whole of Lent ; but as females are never suffered to perform at the grand theatre, the spectacle is rendered extremely disgusting by those unwieldy eunuchs who waddle about the stage in women's clothes.

Saint Peter's and the Vatican Library contain two things in which an Englishman is particularly interested.—In the former, amongst others, is a very splendid monument to a wife of the Pretender, entitled “ Queen of England.”—And in the latter, are some original love letters to Anna Bullen, in the hand-writing of our Henry the Eighth—His compliments are conveyed

conveyed with infinite delicacy, and the language is chaste and elegant.—He compares his love for her to the sun in summer; the further he is from her the more it warms him.

Several receptacles for Irish catholics are established at Rome.—In one of them the ceremony of interment is never used—on entering the convent, I was shewn thro' several apartments furnished with dead monks—as soon as a brother hath breathed his last, he is embalmed with a preservative against putrefaction, dressed up in the garb he usually wore, and seated on a sort of bench, with a label setting forth his age and the day he died.

Here are dead monks of all dates—their flesh dries up and gradually diminishes till the bones are left perfectly bare, which are afterwards coupled together by
wires,

wires, and formed into different devices against the walls and ceiling; such as fly-traps, candlesticks, crucifixes, &c. according to the whim of the artist.—

This makes a man familiar with death, and greatly disarms it of its terrors; and for myself, though I was shocked on entering the first chamber, before I had got half through, I could look at a dead monk with much more complacency than at a living one.—

Here is also a sort of college for gentlemen of the law—I have conversed with several of them, and they seem to be as pedantic and self-conceited to the full, as those of the same profession in London, under the denomination of barristers and special pleaders.

A *little clergyman* of my acquaintance, who hath long lived in habits of intimacy with

with gentlemen of this description, has often assured me (and I believe, with great truth and candour), that their society is altogether intolerable—that in term time, their mornings having been dedicated to Westminster Hall, its proceedings are usually rehearsed after dinner, for the entertainment of those of different professions; but that during the vacation, they have little or nothing to say. That their manners are Gothic, and their opinions dogmatical. Shew them a work of humour, and they throw it into the fire, because they cannot discover it to be a case in point; state to them a matter of fact, and they quash it with a quibble.

My little friend hath frequently endeavoured to put an end to their altercations, by quoting the opinion of some infallible divine; but finding it labour in vain, is obliged

obliged to allow upon all occasions, that my Lord Kenyon is a greater wit, and a much finer gentleman, than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I have seen some few instances, where the clergyman in question does not appear to me to be wholly infallible; for it has fallen within my own knowledge, that one or two gentlemen of the profession are really not unpolished; and at the bottom very sincere and honest fellows.

How far the Roman legislature may be indebted to this body of people I know not; but their police is in the most disordered state of any city upon earth.

I look upon it to be full as easy to procure a murderer in Italy, as a poacher in England.—Revenge is here protected by religion, and the church indemnifies the dagger.—In my presence one of the Pope's
grenadiers

grenadiers stabbed a young woman to the heart, in high day, and in the most public part of the town; and flying to a church for protection, would never have been delivered up to the hands of justice, had it not been for a stratagem of the friends of the deceased.—They hired a decrepit old woman to fall down, as if by accident, before the door of the church—the perpetrator of the foul murder advanced to give her assistance, when two men, who were purposely concealed behind a pillar, rushed forward, and seized him the moment his head was from underneath the edifice.

I have never seen but one so cruel act as this. During the latter part of my time at E——n, fawns flesh was much in vogue.—A bricklayer of experience had taught us a method of taking the animal napping in the K—ng's park at Windsor.

There

There was not an ale-house within many miles, in which this dish was not sent to table in an excellent style—people who live in that neighbourhood are in the habit of serving it up in a better manner than any I have since tasted; from what degree of experience I know not, or how far they may have been concerned in the same species of felony with myself—for certain it is, that his M——y is no retailer of venison.—

A school-fellow, whose disposition was of a more sanguinary nature than usually falls to the lot of man, was usually my companion upon these occasions.—We one day brought home the smallest creature of this species I ever saw—it was as white as snow; and looked so pitiable that we agreed to feed it upon milk, and save its life.—It grew extremely
fond

fond of us, and in a short time became so general a favourite that every body had something to give to the little fawn.

As the vacation drew near, we held a consultation what to do with it, and at length agreed to return it to its kindred; so having placed it in a covered basket, we carried it to the park, and turned it loose in the middle of a herd of deer.—The poor thing looked about him, doubtfully at first, but as we turned away, it trotted after us with the affection of a dog, and never quitted us till communication was cut off by the park-wall.

During the holidays, I missed the little fawn a thousand times as much as I did my school-fellows.—The month expired, and the second day after our return we went as usual in search of plunder.—At
this

this season of the year, however, game was grown too wary to be taken by surprise; and we had long toiled in vain, when suddenly the very fawn that we had nursed, separated itself from the rest, and came up to my companion, who was at some distance from me, and skipped and frolicked round him.—I made away towards them, looking at this scene with uncommon pleasure, though envying him in being the chosen object of the fond creature's gratitude.—He too appeared to watch its motions with extreme delight, upon which it drew nearer, and actually came up and licked his fingers—the monster suddenly turned round and dashed its brains out with a bludgeon!—

Oh! rid me of the remembrance of this deed!—I send the story to you, in hopes the recollection will go along with it.

it.—It often makes me sad, but heaven be thanked, I never have imbrued my hands in blood so innocent!

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

SIR PETER.

Rome.

I HAD thoughts of making up a slight collection for you when at Florence, but have discovered that it requires a great deal of observation and practice to be any thing of an antiquarian—impositions are daily exercised on the English in the course of their travels, who have usually more money than judgment.—Providence, I believe, hath been pleased to bestow them upon me in about equal proportions.

The few things that you will receive, have the credit of being truly genuine.—

The medal is the head of Remus, and the

only one that has ever been discovered—it was dug up from beneath the baths of Dioclesian—the motto, you will observe, is nearly worn out, and not to be decyphered; but the way that the cognoscenti prove it to be the head of Remus, is as follows—it was as much the custom among the ancients to strike off the heads of great men, as it is in France and other countries at present—the compliment was paid to all Romans of distinction without exception, but in no one instance to a plebeian.—Now as ancient coins are in the possession both of individuals and the public, with the images and superscription of the personages they are meant to represent; and as duplicates of the head of every illustrious personage have been discovered, that of Remus excepted, and, as no one of them in the smallest degree resembles

resembles this, it follows that this is the head of Remus.

The bust is an undoubted Cleopatra.— Great pity that the gristle and lower part of the nose should have been destroyed—the bridge, however, is a standing monument of the taste of Mark Anthony. This is reckoned to be a very valuable antique; and a Cleopatra beyond a question; as may be seen by the whisker beneath, which Mark Anthony so particularly prized.

A very eminent antiquarian hath promised to procure me a piece of the fire-brand with which Nero set Rome on fire; and which, they say, he executed with as much indifference as if he had been lighting a pipe of tobacco.

I have been able to forward nothing more that is worthy your notice, except a

few remarks relative to the laws and government of this great city.

—The Pope is absolute—the penal law is carried into execution by the help of that monstrous machine, which is the support of their government—superstition.—

When an oath is administered, the truth is extorted by the help of a huge peice of marble, flat and round like a slice of a mill-stone.—This is considered as one of the sacred relics, and is of great antiquity.—In the centre of it are the features of a human face, cut directly through the whole thickness—lights are placed behind when an oath is administered, which gives it the look of a bugbear or scooped turnip—the person who swears, places his finger within the mouth of it, which is called the “*Booca della Verita*” or mouth of truth;—and by this means the truth is extracted;

ed; it being held as an undoubted consequence, that in case of perjury, the *bocca della verita* will instantly close upon the limb.---

Upon conviction, a criminal is brought into the most conspicuous part of the Corso, or Grand-street.---His wrists are bound together behind his back with one end of a rope, the other end of which passes through a pulley at the height of from twenty to thirty feet.---He is then drawn gradually to the top, and in this agonizing posture suspended for a length of time proportioned to his offence; then he is dropped to about two feet from the ground, where the sudden check usually puts his shoulders out, and breaks his arms in many places.

The plaintiff seldom receives any recompence for the loss he has sustained;

especially if he happens to be a foreigner.

—A gentleman by the name of Johnson, with whom I had the pleasure of traveling through part of France, was robbed, some few days since, of fifty pounds in money, and a great quantity of fine linen.

—As soon as the person that committed the theft was discovered, the magistrates assembled, and gave orders that all the remaining linen of the party that had been robbed should be produced in court, for the purpose of identifying the property, marks, &c.

This is a sort of apparel that fits all mankind—so no part of it was ever recovered, even to the very few pieces of body linen that my friend had happily saved from plunder; and the whole quantity was so considerable, that I have very little doubt, if, at this moment, every

Roman

Roman senator was stripped, but that the mark of "Samuel Johnson" would be found upon him.

Saving about a dozen hale fellows that are about the immediate person of the pope, the military establishment is upon a contemptible footing, both in respect to men and numbers.—It is composed, I understand, of deserters from all nations; a collection of tattered pigmies that would hardly do for fifers in a regiment of Welshmen—and their appearance becomes more absurd, when one compares them with the hardy legions that Scipio and Cæsar led to battle. I imagine, between the train-bands of the city of London, and the Roman army; there would be now maintained an equal and bloody contest.

I expect to be in England about May, when you will do me the honour to pre-

sent to the Royal Society, or place in your own private cabinet, any part of the collection I expect to make at Herculaneum or Pompeia.—

I have the honour to be,

Your's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

R. P. ESQ.

Naples.

AFTER having spent half a dozen very interesting weeks at Rome, I took my departure to Naples, in a machine which a silk-merchant from Lyons advertised for a couple of travelling companions to partake of, under the title of a *cabriolet*.— This is what is called keeping your carriage abroad—a two-wheeled thing, drawn by a pair of horses, or asses, or mules, as may be most convenient to the different postmasters, to defray the expence, of which the wealthy proprietor contrives to accommodate a couple of voyageurs as a matter of

favour, taking care at the same time that the cost shall fall entirely upon them.

As for the machine itself, it was built for strength, without springs, and founded like a tumbrel.—It was so narrow in the seat that it was impossible to cram a third into it, be his dimensions what they might; so Abel, who rode bodkin, acted as a wedge, which we found of considerable use to keep us from bolting out.—He sat like the key-stone of an arch, and never came within a foot of his destination.

The principal object of my travelling post was to avoid sleeping on the road, which at this season frequently proves fatal.—The weather was extremely hot, the air putrid, and on our arrival at the Pontain Marshes, the vapour became thick, and the smell intolerable.—Whether this be the soil that produces the mandragora

gora or poppy I know not ; it occasions, however, excessive drowsiness ; and though we were perfectly aware of the evil consequences, I fell into almost as profound a sleep as he whose nap is prolonged to the day of eternity.

The business of the silk-merchant admitted of no delay, wherefore he frequently expressed great impatience whenever Abel or I were disposed to take any refreshment.

Cicero's Tusculan villa, which stands near the road, was however as great an object to me, as the whole mercantile concern of the city of Lyons was to my fellow-traveller ; but the difficulty lay in providing myself with a plausible reason for quitting the carriage to look at it. I knew the spot precisely where it stood, and how far it should be from the main road ; accord-

ingly, when we came in a right line with it (being aware how useless it would be to attempt persuading my classical companion to delay a moment for the sake of viewing so insignificant a ruin) I requested him to allow me a few minutes to leave my card at an old friend's house that stood at the distance of a few furlongs; and that I would instantly return.--

The silk-merchant would have been much more delighted with a butterfly than a Tusculan villa; not that he was any further a natural philosopher than would lead him to suppose that the rays of the sun might ripen its eggs into silk-worms.

Having gratified my curiosity as much as half an hour would enable me, I returned to the carriage, where the merchant sat in extreme impatience. It was a time when I wished to enjoy my own reflections;

fections; but there is an uncontrollable flippancy about the French, that provokes them to pester you eternally with their small talk. There was evidently but one way of getting rid of this, viz. by acquainting him with the real nature of my visit; whereupon, on his hoping my friend was well, with as little gracefulness as sincerity, I frankly told him that I had been visiting one Cicero, a gentleman of those parts, who died about two thousand years before.

The choler rushed into his face—I thought it would have choaked him. He wondered any body should presume to delay a man of business on such frivolous pretences; and then shut up his instrument of vocal communication for the remainder of the journey.

Cicero's villa (the baths of which only
are

are remaining, and the column underneath which his ashes are supposed to lay) was built upon the most delightful spot on earth.—It commanded a prospect of the whole bay of Naples, the Elysiac Fields, Herculaneum, Pompeia, Mount Vesuvius, the Promontory of Misenum, and the island of Capré.—In the course of my travels I have never met with half so enchanting a view as this, the beauty of which was at this time greatly heightened by the sun playing upon the volumes of smoke that issued from the burning mountain, and wound their way to heaven.

The road from hence to Naples (a distance of at least fifty miles) is, perhaps, the finest in the world—and as it is almost entirely on a descent, the velocity with which one travels is incredible.—

The posting in this part of Italy, is dispatched

patched by a breed of active compact horses, which his majesty, the king of Naples, never allows to be sold out of his dominions.

The night became extremely dark—the scene was grand and awful, the whole country around being occasionally illumined by the convulsions of Mount Vesuvius—the columns of fire that burst forth from the volcano were of such magnitude and force, that they seemed to finge the very heavens. Abel, who still thinks the devil a formidable rebel, was of opinion that he had set the powers above at defiance, and was making an effort to re-instate himself. After travelling the whole of the night with this tremendous scene before our eyes, we looked down upon the beautiful city of Naples just as the sun began to rise.

It

It was very soon to be apprehended that the nap I had taken in the Pontain Marshes, was likely to be followed up by a still sounder one—a fever came upon me with excessive violence; and, in the course of a few hours, I found my constitution still further attacked by an Italian physician, and an Italian apothecary. I would rather have trusted an English farrier.

However, to my very great surprise, the cure they proposed was of the most reconciling nature.—I was at the crisis of a burning fever, and my pulse so rapid that it was almost impossible to minute them. The pompous principal demanded whether I was inclined to thirst; and, on my answering hastily in the affirmative, he ordered his pragmatical understrapper to provide me with as many oranges and ices as I was disposed to take.

Here

Here was a potion for a thirst unquenchable.—Had death been at the door with medicines of such palatable sort, I should have hailed him welcome—I could have drank down the juice of an whole orange grove, or have sucked Mount Blanc to an icicle.—

Such a prescription could not fail of good effect; and in the course of four days I was well enough to pay my court to our ambassador.

Sir W. H. is a great antiquarian both in appearance and reality—He received me like a man in buckram; and, being made up for the levee, dared not return the bow I made him for fear of wrinkling his embroidered waistcoat; or, perhaps, could not without cutting his chin, or endangering his ears with the cape of his coat.

His

His lady made her appearance, dressed in so fantastical a garb, that she was no bad subject for the centre of his excellency's museum. She is a woman of good figure, but has little dignity, either of manner or of motion; and usually entertains her guests with throwing herself into attitudes expressive of the different passions, which she executes with great address, and wonderful effect.

Sir W's. dinners, like other rarities, are dearly purchased, though in high request; for, on the morning subsequent to them, a couple of high-bred lacqueys call on each visitor for a customary fee; which usually exceeds the amount of what might have been his share of the bill.—

Sir W. has judgment in pictures, and is, by the bye, a bit of a merchant thereof; so that English nobles, and gentlemen of fortune,

fortune, that enable him to gratify their taste, receive the most frequent invitations to his table.—Her ladyship's conversaciones are gratifying enough to those who are fond of hearing themselves talk ; but for such as wish to take an active part with the ladies at dancing, or any other amusement, they are infinitely more dull than playing at push-pin with one's grandmother.—

I am

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

R. P. ESQ.

Naples.

NAPLES boasts the finest situation of any city in the world; Constantinople not excepted; and though the yearly income of the king of the Sicilies does not exceed a million sterling, the value of his treasures is supposed to be more than three times as much as the purchase of the fee-simple of his dominions would amount to.—

Abel and I have visited all places worthy notice within the city; which, as the most valuable and ancient statues, &c. that have been found at Herculaneum

and

and Pompeia are lodged in the museum of Portici, contains but few of the masterly works of the Greek artists.—The principal of these are the famous Tauro, and the Farnesian Hercules.—Abel gazes at the latter with a degree of enthusiasm, but thinks the bull deficient in many respects; that it should have been upon a more colossal scale, in order that the spectator might be the more forcibly struck with the situation of the lady that is fastened to his horns to be dragged to death.—He is of opinion that nothing was ever perfect in its nature except the Farnesian Hercules and the great Lincolnshire ox.

On the fourth morning after my recovery the physician paid me a visit of compliment; and after bowing a few dozen times, and making as many enquiries touching

touching the state of my body; he thought it advisable for me to take the cold bath; or, in preference, a running stream.

Having heard much of the pestilential quality of the river Styx, I had a great curiosity to try its effect; wherefore taking a pocket Virgil in lieu of my domestic, I hired a calash, and drove to the Elysian Fields; not doubting but that in the course of my ramble I should meet with the ghost of my great ancestor B. M. Carew, and other illustrious personages.

The river Styx, however dark and unfathomable it might have been in days of yore, is a fine clear current about six feet deep, with a bed of gravel at the bottom; wherefore, disrobing me of my mantle, I foused in headlong from the centre arch of the bridge; and, taking special care to steer clear of the paddle of Charon's

ron's oar, swam to the shore, and never found myself so much refreshed.

As Abel's education did not extend to the dead languages, he modestly declined accompanying me; but I suspect he had heard something of the nature of the place from an indiscreet old nurse, who had talked to him of goblins in his cradle; and he was therefore still shy of shadows and shades—shades indeed there were none, but a great deal of substantiality; for a place so crowded with the choicest fruits of nature, I could not have conceived.—The grounds are almost covered with vines, mulberries, oranges, and fig-trees, which latter bear annually a double crop, and require neither care or cultivation.

Here are the proud ruins of the villas of their emperors, their temples, baths, and other

other fragments of stupendous architecture. The Piscina Mirabile (or wonderful fish-pond of Lucullus) the stock of which sold at his death for the gross sum of twenty six thousand pounds sterling. On the summit is a reservoir for water, the super structure of which is supported by five-and-forty pillars of amazing size; it held a sufficient supply for the whole Roman fleet.

From thence my guide conducted me through the deep grottos and dreadful dungeons where Nero confined prisoners of state; and then still farther beneath a mass of mountain, some fathoms from the surface of the earth; till, by several windings, he introduced me to the tomb of Agrippina, that mother whom the monster Nero murdered.

We were now within the narrow mazes
of

of the bowels of the earth at a vast distance from the light, and as we turned away from Agrippina's tomb, the torch went out.

Sure Virgil told strange stories of this haunted ground.—The gentle Agrippina burst not the cearments of death; neither was yell of body tortured, or hymn of canonized saint, or plaint of soul departed, heard; and I and my companion, without either the clue of Rosamond, or ghostly guidance, once more came forth to light.

Then descending to the sea, we rowed to Baia, once a beautiful city, now laid in ruins; and as the water hath made considerable encroachments, we passed over the remains of vast buildings with their foundations upwards.

The Lucrine lake, once famous for its

oysters, is now a perfect horse-pond— Thence we proceeded to the grotto of the Sybyl; and as Cerberus and the Hydra had taken a second opiate, we got safe to Tartarus and Avernus.

Avernus is surrounded by the crust of a volcano, in the middle of which is a beautiful piece of water, stored with various sorts of wild fowl, and skirted by the ruins of temples of different orders.

Here we ascended Monte Nuovo (a vast mountain formed in a single day by an eruption); then crossing to Monte Barbo, where Virgil's house stood, we took boat again, and sailed along where the elder Pliny commanded the Roman fleet at the time that the great eruption of Vesuvius swallowed up Herculaneum; and casting anchor close by the ruins of the bridge that Caligula attempted to build

build across the sea, we landed at Pozzuoli; where having refreshed ourselves with some excellent fish, and a couple of bottles of genuine Talerman wine, we got into our calash for Naples.

LETTER XVII.

IN CONTINUATION:

Naples, May.

THE heat is become so oppressive that there is some danger in using any bodily exertion during the day ; therefore I and my trusty servant, having, in conformity to the spirit of our curiosity, resolved to look into the volcano of Vesuvius, proceeded, warily, after sun-set to the hermitage that stands about half way up the mountain.—The good old hermit, as they commonly entitle him, was, on our arrival, fast locked in the arms of sleep ; but after having made some difficulty in granting us admission at so unseasonable an hour, he

was

was no sooner acquainted by our guides that we were English, than the door flew open; and there stood this old shrivelled representative of mortification and self-denial, scarcely visible by the dim taper that he held; which was soon extinguished by the rushing in of the wind, which at the same time began to whistle through the different avenues of his body.

This hermit lived upon the munificence of others, was a man of much affected learning, gross compliment, and unbounded hypocrisy.—He had some excellent old wine called *Langrima Christi*, which the mountains brow produced; but nothing substantial to set before us, saving a couple of old hens that used to supply him with eggs for his salad, but which he believed were now passed the gamefome age of doing him even this small service;

wherefore Abel and I being aware that the mastication of one of them required both time and perseverance, bethought ourselves of squeezing them, which had so genial an effect, that having cut a few herbs from the old man's garden, we were enabled to make ourselves an excellent omelet.

We dismissed our guides with orders to rouse us at the first dawn of day, and conduct us to the very mouth of the volcano. After a short repose, however, the hermit made his appearance first, lest these poor guides should prevent him from practising the usual imposition on his visitors; having therefore paid him about three times the value of what he had set before us, we proceeded up the mountain.

This was the most interesting, though the same time the most dangerous and fatiguing

ing day I had yet experienced.—As we ascended (which was by the help of stout staves pointed with iron), it thundered underneath our feet; and at every convulsion the cinders trembled, and the volcano seemed so thinly cased, that the guides could hardly prevail on us to believe that our own weight would not let us into the chaos underneath.—This added greatly to the terror of the scene; for we actually felt, as well as heard the thunder, which almost stunned us every time that the mountain discharged itself.

About a mile below the summit we came unexpectedly upon a bed of lava, from the centre of which came forth a body of liquid fire about three feet diameter.—It issued slowly from the side of the mountain, and wound its way majestically down it; and had at this time flowed in

the same stately manner, without any visible convulsion, for near two months—This lava was extremely hot on every side—holding my hat however before my face, to screen my eyes from its intenseness, I came near enough to thrust my staff into the stream; the end of which was instantly reduced to ashes.

This was so substantial a fluid, that it came forth and continued nearly a round substance, so that some exertion was required to make an impression on it.—It was a bright red body, perfectly transparent, but carried no flame with it, except on the application of any thing porous, and perishable; and its windings down the mountain appeared the more beautiful and vivid, as night had hardly yet withdrawn its dominion over the earth.

Advancing about half a mile, we enter-

ed

ed a volcano of the year sixty, and passed by several beds of burning sulphur, cautiously keeping to the windward to avoid suffocation.—We had now clambered almost perpendicularly to within three hundred yards of the crater at the mountain's top; the explosions were frequent and stupendous; and we were at this time about 4000 feet above the level of the sea; when the sun rose in all its glory.—

Figure to yourself the bay of Naples, the city and the enchanting regions round about, as the light broke upon them.—For some minutes we stood wrapt in wonder at the novelty and beauty of the scene; when suddenly the grand volcano discharged a volley of red hot rocks that clattered about our ears, and fell so near us, that the guides ran headlong down the mountain, and left us to our fate.—

This was as noble an eruption as ever lying traveller ventured to describe, or sober historian dared pin his credit on.

Figure also to yourself the virtuoso, Abel—you have seen him in a storm, but you have never seen him when the elements have showered hail-stones of fire upon his head.—He quaked with reason; for our situation was tremendous beyond all possible conception.

We were now cut off from all connection with mankind; for as the guides had been in the habits of descending rapidly, we saw at once the absurdity of attempting to overtake them; and therefore struck off for the other side of the mountain, in hopes of making good a descent in the neighbourhood of Pompeia—a circumstance that hath since astonished Sir W. H—n, and all the antiquarians,
being

being a rout that was never before attempted, or thought practicable.

This descent was infinitely more fatiguing than the going up; and we had nearly lost our lives in attempting so dangerous a project.

Having clambered some miles down the rugged lava (a body rough and porous as pumice stone, that lies like vast cables interwoven with each other, but frequently so pointed as to hurt the feet extremely), the bottoms of our shoes began to give way.—The reflection of the noon-day sun rendered the heat excessive; the farther we went the greater the distance appeared to the extremity; and, as we scrambled on, immense pieces of this loose and craggy substance frequently rolled after us, and nearly broke our legs—at length the sole of one of my shoes was

entirely gone, and I was driven to the necessity of placing the upper leather beneath my foot, and fastening it with my handkerchief.

My companion flagged extremely; his feet bled, and his heart began to fail him; when in a sort of valley on the left, we descried a few acres of woodland, which the ravage of eruptions seemed to have spared from the desolation round it. On entering it, we found not the most distant appearance of human vestige, nor any mark of an existing being; except the track of an animal whose nature we were little acquainted with—wherefore, though the shade of the wood and the softness of the ground were a delightful contrast to the hard substance we had walked over, and the heat that we had experienced, our peace of mind did not keep pace with our relief of body.----

Abel

Abel was so dead to danger that he would fain lie down to sleep; upon which I threatened to proceed without him; at the same time representing to him the chance there was of his finding himself at the end of his nap in the belly of a wolf, and the little reason he had to expect the same good luck that Jonas had with his whale.

The latter argument weighed greatly with him; and accordingly, after getting down some precipices on the other side of the wood by the help of the bushes, we found a sort of path that descended to the plain.—

A sight of the promised land could not have been more ravishing.—

The first object that we blundered upon was an ass that lay groaning beneath a load of oranges—we had little scruple in lightening his burden in a manner as gratifying

gratifying to his feelings as to our own; and after sucking some score of them Abel stretched himself on the grass, and fell fast asleep.—I, being still stout, proceeded to a cottage and sent its homely proprietor in search of my domestic; during which time the woman of the house procured me some meagre wine and a few eggs, and told me many a frightful tale of persons who had gone to the place we had left, for wood, and had never more been heard of.

The ignorance of these people was inconceiveable; for though I afterwards found Pompeia to be within two miles, it was a city they had never heard of.—I took out my pencil to note some part of our adventures down the mountain, and the children crowded round me in raptures at the magic powers of it.

It

It was now four o'clock—I had still strength remaining and spirits good; but finding Abel absolutely incapable of proceeding any farther, I wandered out alone in search of the city of Pompeia.

A worthy muleteer passed at a distance on the plain, who placed me across one of his beasts, and conducted me to the spot, above all others, for the sight of which I had so far extended my travels; and having landed me at the city gate, returned to the post town from whence he came, and ordered a calash to carry me to Naples.

Pompeia lies about six miles from the volcano's mouth; and as Herculaneum was entirely swallowed up by the liquid lava that ran burning down the mountain, this city was buried in one single night by the cinders and sulphur that the wind hurled

hurled upon it; so that no traces of it could be found.—Every inhabitant perished at once, the birds, the cattle, and the very fish that were within a certain distance from the shore.—

It is astonishingly interesting to find one's-self in a city seventeen hundred years old, the walls of which are in the most perfect repair, the paintings on them as fresh as if lately executed; of which no traces have appeared till the present age, since the first century of the Christian Era.—

Two streets are laid completely open, but they were chiefly allotted to mechanics, as may be seen by the implements of their occupations which are found within them; it is thence reasonably conjectured that the palaces and principal treasures are still uncovered; but the King of Naples, whether

whether for want of curiosity or cash, has not more than sixty men at work; and many of these lubbers are frequently making experiments with modern compositions on some of the most valuable of the antiques that are dug up.

Having now examined every thing curious within these regions of enchantment, I sent for Abel; and driving through the city of Refina, which stands directly upon that of Herculaneum, instead of perishing on the sultry lava, or being swallowed in the volcano of Vesuvius, or the bowels of a wild beast, we finished this extraordinary day, by sleeping soundly in our beds at Naples.—

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

R. P. ESQ.

Naples.

FOR some days subsequent to my last, I found myself very much at home in an elbow-chair, and since that I have a little recovered the gentle exercise which I gave you an account of, my body hath moved about in one of the hackney carriages of this country, which very much resembles a piece of old furniture of the sort aforefaid placed upon two wheels, with its legs cut off.

The driver fixes himself behind, and usually takes the whip; in which case he is answerable for all lives, and the
manager

manager of the reins is not considered as a party concerned.

Fatal accidents of this sort are not unfrequent; for the proprietors of the vehicles pique themselves on having in harness very high-bred stallions, and of rivalling each other in the velocity with which they whirl through the streets.

I should indeed have preferred conveying myself from one part of the city to the other by a more natural method, but that it was necessary to give the fleshy part of my feet time to grow again.—And as for Abel, I am very sorry to inform you that he has been laid up with a violent and dangerous fever ever since we returned from the mountain.

Among the most interesting occurrences since, are as follows.—On the evening of May the sixth, the queen supped with her family

family at the usual hour, after which she withdrew unnoticed, and, without alarm, or medical assistance, brought forth a son. The king remained in conversation with his lords, and about midnight one of the ladies of the bed-chamber announced a new born prince. The cannons instantly thundered from the different forts, and were repeated by the ships in the harbour—the whole city was instantly illuminated.—It was a sprightly scene, and the darkness of the night rendered it still more so.—The royal accoucheur, whose presence had not been previously necessary, placed himself in his chariot at the head of the nobles in their most splendid equipages, and at two o'clock of the same night, this brilliant procession, escorted by flambeaux and running footmen, moved on to the palace; where her majesty sat up and received their congratulations.

A grand

A grand fête is usually given upon these occasions; and as the king is very much addicted to horse racing, and had been for some time preparing a very expensive place for that purpose (having received a present of fourteen capital horses from the King of Great Britain), he resolved on a grand display of this amusement, in honour of the new-born prince.

Don Onorato Gaetani (a nobleman of the court) advised his Majesty that the riders should be English.—There were about eight of my countrymen at this time at Naples.—This nobleman paid me a visit at my lodgings; which, though unexpected, was a matter of no embarrassment to me; for my apartments are the most expensive that I have found myself in the inside of since my residence on the

the continent, and at the same time the most luxurious; for my drawing-room steps are lashed by the sea, and my bed-room window is crowded with ripe oranges and citrons, the fragrance of which would be oppressive was it not tempered by the refreshing breezes of the Mediterranean.

After a preface of compliments, this nobleman informed me that his Majesty had commanded him to desire that I would ride one of the horses at the ensuing race.

A request from Majesty is more irresistible than a command; and in consequence I presented my duty to the king, requesting he might be informed that I should have pleasure in doing my utmost to oblige him on the day appointed for the race.— At the same time I gave Don Onorato Gaetani to understand, that it would be
impolitic

impolitic to discover the speed of my horse on the previous rehearsal, because much money might be won at the grand race, by taking the odds on the losing one at the trial.

Don Onorato Gaetani did not thoroughly comprehend this ; but had, as I afterwards found, delivered my message to his Majesty verbatim.—His Majesty knows the odds.—

Accordingly on the morning of the previous trial one of the king's carriages drove up to my door, and I was ushered into it by a very well-bred man, who accompanied me to the Casino del Re à Carditello ; or king's country house.

Our coachman drove most furiously ; and at the appearance of the court livery every thing instantly made way, saving an inactive ass, that remained in the middle of the

the road in a state of independent stupidity.—It had a considerable load upon its back, with a man thereon, who disengaged himself with some dexterity; but we drove over the remainder.

My companion was very inquisitive about the management of horses in England; the style of Newmarket, &c. of which I gave him the most pertinent account in the politest manner, conceiving him to be a man of considerable rank.—On our arrival, however, he pulled out a leathern apron, and proved to be the royal blacksmith, sent to receive orders about plating my racer.

This trial was not kept so perfect a secret at Naples as is customary upon these occasions in England.

A gentleman of Newmarket was once discovered in the middle of a moon-light
night

night on that part of the heath where a trial was to take place, buried to the neck in earth, in order to avoid discovery.

A trial it seems is a matter of great secrecy and punctilio amongst the English jockeys.—Avarice however, more than curiosity, prevailed with the gentleman in question to run a great risk, in hopes of profiting by the event.—But (though it was his intention to be a little wide of the spot over which they had to pass) one of the horses leapt directly over him at full speed, and, had he not been an animal of wonderful activity, must have infallibly chipped off his head like the top of a mushroom.

At the instant the trial was concluded, the rider returned to the spot to acquaint himself with the cause of this unusual exertion in the beast he rode, where, to his

extreme diversion, he discovered the gentleman aforesaid; who, in consequence (as a breach of honour is held in great abhorrence at Newmarket, and justice administered without respect of persons), found himself the next morning sunk deeper in one element than he had been in the other, by receiving an excellent fousing in a horse-pond.--

As soon as the Neapolitan trial was over, one of the lords in waiting came to inform me that the king had given him orders that I should be brought into the presence. Sir Cl--t C--l might have had some scruples in ushering a gentleman with a round hat, dirty boots, and a jockey whip, into a King's drawing room. --No feathered courtier however could have met with a warmer reception.--

Having bestowed great approbation on English horsemanship, he took me apart from

from his attendants, shewed me his library and suit of rooms in person, and ascending to a sort of observatory, requested me to be covered, and gave me a sight of a rich and beautiful sporting country where he enjoyed his field diversions.—

After this I took my leave. One of the attendants conducted me to an apartment where some ices and liquors were provided; and the king's coachman whirled me back to Naples.

I shall in future send you occurrences as they take place—a sort of journal, without regard to order or consistency; and make no scruple to tell you a shooting story, without even pretending to hear a gun go off.

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER XIX.

SIR PETER.

Naples.

I AM sorry it is not in my power to send you a circumstantial account of the principles of this government; but of the nature of the people, their ceremonies and superstitions, a sufficient knowledge is very soon acquired.

All I know of the former, is, that the chief officer of the police, is a sort of Prætor, or Mayor, to whom the public has of late been greatly indebted.

As in despotic countries it is fatal to disobey the monarch's order, I will give you an instance of the firmness of this magistrate.

magistrate.—The death warrant of a murderer was brought to the King to sign—his majesty, ever inclined to mercy, commanded a pardon—the Prætor threw up his appointment—the King, struck with the firmness of the man, recalled the order—the criminal was executed, and the magistrate reinstated.—And as the penal law had been too little exerted hitherto, thousands of murders and assassinations have been since prevented through the manly conduct of this Prætor.

The King does not much regard whether his granaries are stored with corn, so that the commonalty are well supplied with ice; for nothing would create a rebellion in Naples so soon as the want of this commodity.—The lower class of people are so extremely indolent, that they care not to undergo the fatigues of

getting in the harvest—ice-creams and oranges are their principal sustenance.

Now for a sample of superstition.—The theatres have been shut for the last fortnight, out of respect to one Januarius, the tutelary saint of Naples.—A small portion of this man's blood, at the time of his martyrdom, was preserved by a woman in a phial, and presented by her some years afterwards to the church—By the wonders it frequently works, this surely can be no less than the blood of a saint.

At the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the year 1762, when Naples was in so much danger of being demolished, the bishops, priests, and officers of the church, marched towards the mountain in grand procession, headed by one who carried this phial of blood.—When they
came

came near the burning lava, which was rolling in a majestic body towards the city, the river of fire drew back; and the statue of Januarius was erected upon the spot.

This congealed blood is kept in the cathedral, under the archbishop's lock; and a miracle is exhibited to the people therewith three times a year.—The phial is placed in the middle of a receiver that resembles a large opera glass—strong lights are placed at one end, and the person to whom the miracle is exhibited peeps thro' the other, (as one looks at a portable puppet show) when, by means of some chemical process, the congealed blood suddenly becomes a fluid.

On some occasion the miracle failed of effect, which was ascribed to the presence of two protestants, who were instantly

torn to pieces by the mob.—This circumstance deters my countrymen from attending the ceremony; but there is little danger, for the bishop is become too experienced a juggler to suffer the same blunder to take place again.

The cathedral was illuminated with many thousand large wax lights, and lined with embroidered velvet; and in the chapel where the miracle was performed, I numbered eight and thirty saints of solid silver, large as life.

But the absurdity of these people does not end here.—Three magnificent altars were erected in the most public streets in honor of the said Januarius, the figures and columns of which were of pasteboard, covered with silk, superbly gilded and ornamented.—I supped that night with general G-nn-g, who is upon the continent

ment in consequence of the event of a certain trial for Crim. Con.—We sat in conversation to so late an hour, that artificial light was not wanted to conduct me to my hotel.

At the corner of one of the streets through which I had to pass, stood one of these altars, crowned with a fine colossal figure of religion.—I drew forth a large orange from my pocket, and striking the image in the centre, at one blow overset the whole body of Roman Catholic superstition; and the vengeance of Heaven did not overtake me.—But the vengeance of man most certainly would have done, had there been any to wreck it upon me, but happily at this hour the vulgar were all laid in sleep.

From the disposition of the commonalty, and the nature of despotic govern-

ment, these appearance of religious miracles may be necessary in order to keep the mob in subjection; and to induce them to bear patiently the shackles with which they are loaded.—But as far as I have conversed with the Catholics, superstition does not appear to have any real existence in the minds of people of rank and education; and the principal part of these ceremonies are applicable to political purposes only, which are found more essentially necessary since the flame of liberty hath blazed up in France.

Of the nature of this people, I am sorry to be under the necessity of giving you a most woeful picture.—From the first prince of the blood, to the veriest wretch that you see groping in the kennel for a horse-shoe nail, hardly a principle exists that does not disgrace the human heart; seldom

dom an act takes place that does not proceed from an interested and selfish motive — The wealthy use every means to render the hard fate of the poor still more intolerable; who, in their turn, stifle their resentment till a favorable opportunity enables them to put some act of revenge into effect, which usually blackens the catalogue of human vices.—The stiletto is the instrument of death; which hath no sooner performed its office, than it proceeds to glut the barbarous revenge of him that gives it force, with some bloody after-piece of mangling the body of the deceased.

With respect to trade, no man ever makes a purchase without being previously demanded three times the value of the commodity he wants; and I have never known the third part of the demand

finally refused.—But this is to be attributed originally to the meanness of the great, who have been in the habits of crushing all inferiors, and will, in their bargains, personally barter with the mechanics to a degree of unparalleled meanness and oppression.

In most countries and ages women have usually surpassed us in acts of generosity and greatness.—In France, a woman is ever above a shabby act; but in Italy, depravity is stamped upon both sexes. Nor is deformity of person at all in the background.—Great numbers of mishapen objects are turned loose upon society, of such extraordinary growth and construction, as cannot fail to strike the mind with a conviction, that nature herself takes this method to shew her abhorrence of their monstrous vices.

Beauty

Beauty is as rarely to be seen at Naples as deformity in England; and even the ladies seem conscious that their persons are not worth regarding; for neglect and filth go hand in hand with ugliness.—It is quite painful to one who has been in the habits of cleanliness, to mix with a crowd; so intolerable is the pestilential contagion round; but it is inconceivable that this disgusting vice should be suffered to pollute the persons of high rank.—Even the rare instances of beauty are not exempt from the ravages of filth.—The princess P—s P—, whose exquisite symmetry leaves one room almost to doubt whether she was formed in the ordinary mould of nature, is said to be over-run with a species of animal that need not be mentioned; and I have heard a man, on whose veracity I would rely, declare, that he

he hath seen half a dozen of them at once, taking their licentious promenade across an alabaster bosom which an angel would be proud to recline his head on.

But to wave particular descriptions—people of all rank and professions live in the same habits of nastiness.—The very pastry-cooks are not exempt from it; and frequently with a hand that reeks with filth and pestilence, you are politely presented with a macaroon—I solemnly protest I would rather starve than swallow a Neapolitan tart.

This is a place too where hospitality hath never been heard of—profusion is displayed a different way; and as they live in wretchedness and want within themselves, their fortunes are squandered in ostentation when abroad.—I have frequently seen half a dozen fellows behind
a tradef-

a tradesman's carriage, picked up in the course of the day to gratify the evening's vanity, ragged as Falstaff's regiment, and paid in proportion to the cloaths he wore.—

The meanest mechanic will not stir from home without his equipage; and a woman that is seen on foot is disgraced for ever.

Strange sight to an athletic Englishman, that the use of legs should be entirely laid aside!

The liveries, indeed, and trappings of the nobles, are displayed with some little taste and consistency; but they too, in their domestic economy, are abject in the extreme—splendid in their equipages—shabby in their palaces—princely without doors—beggarly within

I pray you grant me absolution for
closing

closing my letter here.—I sicken at the thoughts of these disgusting people.—There may be danger of a further description having the like effect on you—wherefore I subscribe myself

Your's &c.

POST

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE at length fallen in with two as exquisite productions of antiquity as the King's museum can boast.

The superintendant of the workmen at Pompeia was in town—I knew his person well, and therefore instantly set off in a calash in order to profit by his absence.—

The only valuable antique that had been discovered that morning was a vase, representing Zeno, Plato, and Aristotle, sitting round a flaggon of wine and tobacco-pipes, executed, as I imagine, about two thousand years ago by some Flemish painter.—But its contents were still more worthy notice—within were some egg shells.

shells, and part of a flask of wine that was become a solid, which had preserved its colour, and was porous like honey-comb.

From this circumstance it is plain, that even the enlightened Romans were of opinion that the deceased might have occasion for a little refreshment, to enable them to undergo the fatigues of their journey to eternity.

Two labourers were clearing the rubbish from the house adjoining, and whilst I stood in conversation up came a Roman skull.—

What think you of a Roman skull two thousand years old? I never saw so beautiful a skull!—it is as white and delicate as ivory—your English skull is at least three times as thick; and yet in the course of fifty years it is reduced to tooth-powder.

I wonder

I wonder whether this fellow's brains were as refined as his bones!—no doubt he was a wag.—I would not have his sconce cracked for all the money I am worth; and will therefore fend him over to you in a band-box, cased with lead.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

LADY B.

THE Neapolitans are peculiarly happy in their musical compositions; but the King never suffers them to be sold, or sent out of his dominions; I have therefore great reason to suspect that much difficulty will attend my obeying your commands to the extent I wish.—I have however made application to the pretty daughters of Piccini to procure me as much as possible in manuscript.

No wonder the world is ravished with the touch of Heloise.—I have heard her thrum “la Virginella.” Still, to my mind,

mind, no music is so sweet as the little instrument that plays within her ivory teeth—and when she sings, her lips distil such honeyed sweets, that, during the wasp-season at Paris, the gentle Washibaw used to protect them with a flapper.

If the act of killing be a progressive species of murder, from man down to the veriest insect God hath made—have mercy on the soul of Washibaw!

There seems, I think, madam, to be such an alliance between harmony and beauty (I speak not of the gentle Washibaw, for she knew little more than a few wild notes of the Indian war-hoop) that it is almost impossible to listen to the one without reflecting on the other.—The sound of the mandoline instantly brings to the mind's eye the delicate fingers that gave it tone.

It

It hath fallen in my way lately to make some curious experiments on the powers of music.—Some few days since one of the chief eunuchs of the king's opera came to sing and play to me—in addition to possessing a most melodious voice, this fellow performs a solo on the fiddle with the left hand only; which is done by the strength of his fingers, and the force with which he strikes the cords.

He proposed to accompany me to the Grotto Paufilippo, to see how far its echo would counteract the powers of harmony.

I need not tell you, madam, that this grotto is an amazing Roman work, consisting of a coach-road cut directly through the centre of a mountain, half a mile in length.—It is most extraordinary, that, though the mass of earth from the roof of the arch to the top of the mountain, is
found

found to be of eight hundred feet diameter, this mighty weight hath never sunk into the hollow under it. The roof is become a perfect cement; and the people are constantly passing and repassing without the smallest danger or apprehension.

We proceeded to about midway, when my companion commenced a favourite piece.—He was astonished at his insufficiency—the very air that used to touch the soul degenerated into the most offensive discord—he prayed me instantly to return to the entrance of the grotto, to try whether he had actually lost the powers he before possessed.—But I too had an experiment to make; wherefore, without previously acquainting him with my purpose, I sat down upon the ground, lest the effect might overpower

overpower me, and discharged a pistol. The sound was inexpressibly tremendous.—It reverberated with such force that the whole mountain seemed to be coming in upon our heads—the eunuch fell upon his face and began to call loudly upon his saints. But whether they came to his assistance or no I cannot say, for in the brightest day carriages pass through this grotto by the light of flambeaus.—However, either by his own natural strength, or by supernatural assistance, he soon got upon his legs and ran off towards the place of entrance with all the speed he was master of; and I very much fear hath since fallen a victim to the fright; for after the most diligent enquiry he is no-where to be found.

This was a matter that caused much public disappointment; for on the following

ing day a lady of quality had sent printed invitations to all people of rank, and to all the strangers then at Naples, requesting their presence at the ceremony of her daughter's taking the veil.—The whole church of the convent was hung with embroidered silk, and as soon as the company were assembled the most skilful performers from all parts of Italy commenced a grand concert of sacred music.—The softer airs however were judged to suffer greatly by the unaccountable absence of Montbelmar.

At the conclusion of the music, the cardinal bishop rehearsed the service with the book placed behind his head; signifying thereby, that the light of the Gospel shone through him.

The actual ceremony was still more singular.—The young lady, about to re-

nounce all temporal enjoyments, advanced to the altar, supported by two of the sisterhood, and there read the ceremonial service, and took the oath. As soon as this was finished, more of the holy sisters came forward, and assisted in stretching her flat upon the ground—the bishop then swathed her in black cloth, and threw some earth upon her body; by which she became buried to the world.—A few more sentences being read, she was again raised upon her feet, and supposed to be married to Jesus Christ—the canons instantly announced the wedding—the whole convent (which was set apart to women of quality only) was illuminated for several nights—costly entertainments were given to every member, and her relatives; and great family joy took place.

The

The expence of this initiation must have been immense, the music in particular; for the principal performers not only from the great theatre of St. Carlo, but from Rome and Florence, were hired for the occasion.

This theatre (St. Carlo) is the king's opera house; which was lately opened in all its glory, after having been shut up for some weeks in consequence of the death of the queen's sister.

It is one of the most splendid theatres in Italy, and on the first night of performance, there was, by the king's order, a triple illumination; which threw such a reflection from the looking glasses with which the front is almost entirely covered, that the eye could hardly bear the excess of light.---The whole court was present, consequently all the precious stones in

Naples made their appearance; and the heads of the ladies, being studded with festoons of diamonds, added not little to the general lustre.

The king of N. is not insensible to the charms of a fine woman.—Opposite to the royal box sat the princess P. P.—a dangerous situation; for as the reins of government are chiefly managed by a certain female, one of the same sex is no sooner suspected to make any impression on the monarch's heart, than she is banished.

Nature has certainly crowded a profusion of charms about this Princess; but in order so to do, she seems to have stripped the rest of the ladies of quality exceedingly bare.

Some of the airs were so extremely touching upon this occasion, that half the
women

women were in tears, though I believe no one had more reason to weep than myself; for on quitting the theatre an accident befel me, that hath totally disqualified me for a beau.

Every one was full dressed in court-mourning upon this occasion.—At the conclusion of the opera I placed my chapeau beneath my arm, and advanced quickly to the door; preferring foot-exercise, whenever I can take advantage of the night, for reasons with which your ladyship may be pretty well acquainted.

I had scarcely quitted the entrance of the theatre, when it became necessary to fix myself close to a wall, to avoid being run over by the carriages that came rattling by.—A footman that was placed behind one of them (which passed me with great velocity in order to draw up

first) wanted to get rid of some of the blazing tow at the end of his flambeau; so mistaking me, I suppose, for a black post with its head painted, he struck me a violent blow upon the crown. The flaming tar caught hold of my toupee, and communicating to the curls, &c. singed me to the very skin in an instant, leaving no more hair upon my head than usually covers the skull of a new-born blackamoor.—The little that remained was as crisp as fried parsley, and afterwards came off entirely with a handkerchief that I had tied round my head to prevent me from catching cold.

Nothing could be more ludicrous than my appearance on returning home.—The people of the house refused me admission for a considerable time, and at length acknowledged me only by my voice.—I was
afraid

afraid to go to Abel's bed side, who lay extremely ill, for fear it should give a bad turn to his fever, and therefore threw myself into my own bed at once—bald as the palm of my hand.

At the same time that your ladyship will find some difficulty in suppressing a smile, I am at least sure of your compassion.—I write to you under the dominion of a wig.—Sampson's strength lay in his hair—if such be the lot of all of us, alas! how weak a man am I!

But however outward appearances may be against me, whether with or without a wig, I am not the less devoted to the service of your ladyship.

And remain, &c.

LETTER XXI.

R. P. ESQ.

Naples.

YOU will receive but little amusement from a barren catalogue of the contents of the museum of Portici or the palace of Capo di Monte.—The former is filled with the curiosities dug up at Herculaneum and Pompeia; and the latter with a very indifferent collection of paintings.—I should tell you, however, that this palace was intended for a royal residence; and when about fifty thousand pounds sterling had been expended upon it, his Majesty's surveyors in their wisdom discovered, that it was impossible to procure water.

The

The races were extremely brilliant; and, by their novelty and absurdity, extremely entertaining.—His Majesty had been at an enormous expence in building for this amusement, I say building, for the race was performed on a regular laid pavement (a circle of half a mile) furrounded by a wall with rising seats to contain fifteen thousand spectators.—In the centre of the circle was a grand pavilion, under which the royal family and nobles took their refreshments; and one of the best dinners I ever sat down to was provided for I Cavalieri Inglese, who were to ride.

Previous to the day the king's printer had circulated hand-bills throughout Naples, stating the names and colours of the riders and their horses.—My jacket and cap were purple and crimson, and the

preamble and advertisement relating to me were as follows.

NOTA.

De' Cavalli Barbari, che correr devono a Carditello nel dì Maggio, 1792.

Cavallo Bajo scuro balzano in due, alto palmi vantaggiati, con Testiera colore scuro, del Sig. D. Onorato Gaetani; lo cavalca il Signor William M. Inglese vestito colore cremifino.

As soon as the royal family and court had take their refreshments, the diversions commenced.

Four figures, dressed in man's apparel, with about the value of five pounds sterling in the waistcoat pocket of each, were fixed on the top of four very high may-poles, which were smeared about half an
inch

inch deep with lard.—The prizes were intended for such as had strength and activity to climb first to the top, which afforded much amusement; for great numbers had no sooner surmounted three fourths of the difficulty, than they became totally exhausted, and returned to the place from whence they came with considerable velocity.

At length an ingenious fellow be-thought him of filling the bosom of his shirt with saw-dust, and scattering it as he advanced; by which means he obtained three of the prizes; but it was at the expence of his life; for he died the next day in consequence of the fatigue.

Ten Neapolitan racers then started (without saddle, or bridle according to the custom of the country) and though they galloped round four times at a very great

rate, not one of the riders met with an accident.

Then came the English.—Each horse and rider previous to starting was backed into a sort of covered pinfold, that resembled a raised dog-kennel, or rather a continued sentry-box.—These receptacles stood by the side of each other; and a huge cable was drawn tight before the entrance of each horse, breast high, which cable dropped at the explosion of a cannon that was the signal for starting.

You will easily imagine that the high-bred cattle stood quaking at this salute; but as I had previously trained my horse to the discharge of a pistol at the instant that a halter was drawn tight before his bosom, I started at once, and taking the lead by several yards, won the race with great ease; and the more so, as the favourite

vourite broke down, and threw his rider.

My triumph was evident before half the race was run; and the completion of it gained me not more applause than I obtained by accident at starting. The royal taylor had made a grand mistake in measuring the depth of my skull by that of his own; by which means my racing cap was as shallow in the pole as its ingenious putter-out-of-hand might be.

In the management of a racer in full speed, it requires some dexterity to occupy one hand out of two in keeping a man's cap upon his head.—The wind blew so hard that as I passed the royal pavilion I was obliged to skim it into the air; when so well-timed a compliment to the king was supposed to be peculiar to the judgment and good-breeding of an English

glish cavalier, and was received with unbounded applause.

The prize was a horse of his Majesty's breeding, worth perhaps thirty pounds; which I requested might be kept for some future occasion, as the expence of sending him to England would have exceeded his value; and the turning him to any account on the score of sale, would have been but an ill compliment to the king.

Ridiculous as this scene appears to you and me who have so often seen them spin away upon Newmarket heath, it was thought excellent sport in the kingdom of Naples; and though the exclamations of satisfaction were boisterous in the extreme, I never saw so much good order preserved on such a public occasion. The horse-guards attended us the whole way to Naples to prevent confusion; and I believe

believe no one accident happened, except a few fractures that might have taken place in a large covered cart, containing about twenty people, which my coachman turned out over a precipice on the side of the road.

I am sorry to consign the remainder of this letter to the history of a most tragical and affecting circumstance—an event of no less magnitude and importance than the death of Abel.

This poor fellow was seized with a species of inflammatory fever that had nearly carried off a son of my lord E. and two other English who were at Naples early in the Spring. He was for many days sensible of his approaching dissolution, but obstinately refused all medical assistance. An apothecary attempted to get a bolus down his throat, but he might

as well have endeavoured to persuade him to swallow a salamander. On the night that he expired, I took with me to his chamber the very physician that had rendered me so much service.—As we drew near to his bed, the physician told him, with great gravity and firmness, that if he continued to refuse the use of medicine, his dissolution would be speedy.

God's will be done! said Abel—the physician took his hat, and left the room.

Abel, as soon as we were left alone, requested me to draw a chair to his bedside—"My dear master," said he, "when we were at Genoa, a farrier looked into my mouth, and told me I should never live to return to England."—By this, I presume, he believed in the doctrine of predestination.

I ques-

I questioned him, however, as little as might be concerning his creed ; but am of opinion, that, what with the ceremonies that had dazzled his eyes, and the doctrines that had deluded his senses, he died with more than one persuasion about him. Above all things, he earnestly entreated me to take care that he was buried where there were no volcanos underneath ; for that he verily believed Mount Vesuvius to be the residence of the devil.

His will, in respect to temporal concerns, was word of mouth, like that of my illustrious ancestor ; consisting, only as his last request, that forty shillings, which he had left at interest with an oilman in Piccadilly, should be given to the landlord of the Crocodile at Wapping.

Abel

Abel seems to have been born in Southwark, but whether he was a man of family it is not easy to ascertain.—He was always reserved upon this subject; inasmuch, that I have never heard that he hath been acknowledged by any other father than that of the “whole family of mankind.” Indeed, in my presence, he hath never gone so far as to claim even this relationship.

I had often supposed him to be a foundling; till, on examining his trunk, there appeared, amongst other things, a seal with a *calves head* engraven upon it, which I conceive to have been his crest. No trace, however, of arms is to be found in the book of heraldry; but, be his pedigree what it may, I will take upon me to ascertain that no one act of Abel's hath
ever

ever tarnished the escutcheon of the Veals.—He was neither stock or landholder, and died possessed of little ready money, though much wages due.—His trunk contained a couple of crown pieces, some old shirts, and a good suit of livery—the latter was in much request; and sold well to one of the king's life-guards for levee days; and the produce of the whole enabled me to lay him decently in the earth, and to have engraven upon his tomb

“ Here lies Abel Veal; ”

and there the poor fellow may lie, I suppose, e'er any body will own him; for myself, indeed, though no man is farther from disbelieving the existence of a future state, it is, I confess, a matter of much doubt

doubt with me, whether he will ever
appear again upon the great theatre of
existence.

I am,

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

R. P. ESQ.

Off Torbay.

SO infinite are the sources of amusement with which Naples and its environs every where abound, that a man of any taste or science is totally wrapped up in them; infomuch that finance, and all reflection about temporal concerns, are too trivial to engross a moment's attention.—The woeful state, however, of Abel's circumstances suggested to me that it might not be amiss to look into my own; for I had passed two complete months in a sort of delirium which lulled me so, that I had never even dreamt about pecuniary matters; and you will be as much astonished to

to be informed, as I was to discover on examining my little stock, that I had no more than three pounds sterling left, without any other resource whatever to enable me to work my way from the extremity of Italy to my native country.

It was my original intention to complete my tour by coming back through Switzerland and Germany; but this sum was hardly sufficient to pay the carriage of my portmanteau.

Necessity was said to be the mother of *invention*; and as I had long lived in habits of strictest intimacy with the old lady, I thought there could be no great impropriety in requesting her to introduce me to her daughter. This connection was so congenial to my nature, that we became instantly enamoured of each other; and to such a pitch of fanaticism is our attachment

attachment grown, that we have been ever since inseparable, and have from that moment lived together on terms of unrestrained familiarity.

An expedient was at once communicated to me by the fair one, to whom I had so lately sworn eternal constancy, which promised success.

A certain banker at Naples corresponded with the London merchants.— I waited on him, and explained the nature of my distress; adding, that, though some money was due to me out of the returns of certain estates (of which I and about fifty others were life proprietors under the bequest of one of our good kings of England) I had but little right to request a stranger to discount my draft on the said property; candidly informing him withal, that I was neither sprung from the loins
of

of a Plantagenet or Tudor; and that my whole income consisted of an annuity of about sixty pounds a year, an unstable tenure that became forfeitable either by breach of good behaviour or celibacy.

The banker was either struck with the forlornness of my situation, or the frankness with which I told it him; or he was a miracle of faith and liberality; for, without hesitation, he discounted my draft on London for five and twenty pounds, and offered to assist me still farther if it should be found necessary.—I had not the conscience to accept this offer, knowing that some difficulty might arise with respect to responsibility on the arrival of a larger draft in London; wherefore I took my leave; and as I was walking on the ramparts, meditating on the impossibility of completing so extensive a tour as I had planned,

planned, amongst the ships in harbour one of the Jack-flags of England was waving in the wind.

I went immediately on board, and finding that the Captain was about to sail in four-and-twenty hours, I paid him at once twenty guineas for my passage.

My little property at home was no sooner arranged for the voyage, than I waited on the Ambassador for a passport.

This is an instrument expressly ordered to be delivered *gratis*; but it was no sooner made out, than accompanied by an application from the minister's servants *for a fee*.

This nettled me extremely; and with a mixture of indignation and reluctance I rose from my chair, and bad adieu to one of the sweetest places I ever yet was master off.

The sails were spread on my arrival, and a fair wind wafted us out of the Bay of Naples.

We were no sooner at sea, than my Captain informed me, that a few hours previous to our weighing anchor, his employers had sent him fresh orders with respect to the landing his cargo; and that his destination was now to Amsterdam; that if I had any objection to the length of the voyage, I might easily find conveyance to England from Gibraltar.

I remonstrated with some warmth on the impropriety of his conduct, in not acquainting me with this circumstance previous to our quitting the harbour; alledging, that I had no more inclination to go to Holland, than to visit the black-hole at Calcutta; but upon seeing no means of redress, I thought it might be
for

for my advantage to remain upon as good terms with him as possible during the voyage.

It was reasonable to suppose that (as is usual upon these occasions) a passenger would be entitled to the use of the Captain's cabin, quarter deck, &c. but unfortunately, the commodity with which our ship was freighted being wool, which takes up a great deal of room in proportion to its weight, the whole vessel was stuffed to the extreme, from the room of state in which the swaggering Captain struts, to the humble cot in which the cabin-boy was slung.—The only place therefore allotted to my use, was no more than a share, with the Captain and his Mate, of the hole through which you descend to the state cabin; and the excessive heat and want of fresh air in this courtly
M 2 apartment,

apartment, were further impregnated with the smell of paint.

At night I was crammed into a wooden case, denominated a *birth*; a term extremely ill applied, for it was of the exact dimensions of an English coffin; differing from it only in this respect—that there was free liberty of ingress and egress—and of the latter privilege I soon took advantage.

Worms indeed there were none to destroy this body, but such an host of rats and other vermin as might have soon reduced me to a proper tenant of the lower regions.

Soon after midnight, therefore, I came forth and stretched me upon the deck, together with my bed and blanket; where, in spite of the excessive dews in this warm climate, I had fallen asleep, when

when I was suddenly saluted with the shrill clarion of an Algerine game cock, which was cooped in a pen about four inches from my right ear. A pork pig that had the liberties of the deck, seemed to accept the challenge, and advancing across me, regaled us with a loud display of *his* musical abilities.

This duet was executed with such a degree of taste and tune, as induced me to think they were both sensible of the destination of their voyage.—They might be practising for Amsterdam, for a more complete Dutch concert I never heard.—And this trial of skill was no sooner concluded, than the pig, who I think won the day, turned triumphantly towards me, and perhaps mistaking the bed on which I laid for a potatoe bed, began to rummage me without reserve.

Our ship was so crowded upon deck also, that no place could be found to fling a cot; wherefore on the second night I was obliged to make another descent; but was very soon driven again from my quarters by the heat and vermin; and then resolved to go down no more.

The third evening was ushered in with a rattling wind from the South West, accompanied by a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; which, as my Captain was somewhat superstitious, contributed but little to the pleasantness of his voyage.—We were now sailing against a head sea (or, in other terms, the ship and the waves were going in contrary directions) and as the latter ran mountains high, and succeeded each other with great rapidity, the former kept plunging like a ram in a halter.

I had

I had never hitherto been sea-sick, though frequently extremely sick of sea; but this motion was so convulsive, that I could no more keep my meat upon my stomach, than my body upon my legs; and for fear of tumbling over-board requested to be lashed to the deck.—Notwithstanding this seeming obstruction to our progress, we went at so great a rate for several days, that it became no small matter of alarm to me, though of general joy to the Captain and crew; for as I had no dividend to expect for at least two months from our royal establishment, I ran the risk of starving upon land, if the voyage was completed in a shorter time than usual; and therefore literally could not afford to wish for a fair wind.

After we had passed Sardinia, there was so great a fameness in this mode of

M 4

travelling,

travelling, that the eye had very little to amuse itself withal, except sharks and sea-hogs, and the being now and then reconnoitred by an Algerine pirate.---

Travels by land are told five-hundred different ways; but, at sea, a traveller is at his wits end. He looks at the latitude, consults the compass, and otherwise stupifies himself as much as possible; but this **unvaried repetition** presents but little food for the capacious soul of man.

Every thing conspires to make it particularly uninteresting to me; for in addition to the wretchedness of my situation, I have no companion.---My Captain is as ignorant as he is superstitious. If I propose a question to him, he seldom ventures to pronounce either negative or affirmative, but either shakes his head, or nods, as the nature of the question may require; and

and if by accident I whistle, he stands with his eyes brim-full of tears, for fear the elements should spout forth cata-racts.---He is a man too of extreme weakness in other respects.---Every thing that hath a soul, centers its affections in a woman.---Horses and dogs are entitled to an inferior degree of our regard ; but my Captain is enamoured of this infernal pig. If I remonstrate with him on the grossness of his taste, he quotes an anecdote of Lord Mount E. and who can argue against such authority?

During the calms we amused ourselves with catching turtle as they lay sleeping on the surface of the water, and as it was impossible to stand upon the deck, or bear the heat below, when the Sirocco winds came scorching from the coast of Barbary, I hung my hammoc about eight

M 5

feet

feet above the deck, between the mizen and the main-mast, in order to be as little in the way as possible, and was there tossed about in the air like a shuttle-cock, with my head and my heels alternately uppermost; and with such violence, that it was necessary to clench my teeth to keep all safe within.—

At length a gentle breeze bore us gradually up the current that runs into the Mediterranean, commonly called the Gut of Gibraltar.—The hoary head of the old rock stood proudly over us as we advanced.—I sat upon the deck some time wrapped up in thought, reflecting on the enterprising spirit of the British nation, and drank a bottle to the manes of those immortal warriors who first scaled the stupendous precipice.—A veteran of the regiment of St. Louis once observed to
me,

me, (and it was well imagined) that if the clouds were solid, he believed in his conscience that the English would attempt to take Heaven by storm.

The wind suddenly increased, and drove us into the Western Ocean with such velocity that we ran almost under water.—A sort of trade-wind usually blows off Cape St. Vincent and the coast of Lisbon, which was at this time so extremely violent, that, without bearing up a single point, we were driven almost down to the Madeira Islands; and the change of climate was so excessive, that, from an extreme scarcely bearable, I suffered greatly by the cold, clad in two flannel waistcoats and a thick furtout.

It now became necessary to make use of some of the turtle we had taken.—This species gratifies the palate but little, even

M 6

when

when aided by the wondrous powers of sauce; and it became less relishable, plain, in a pie boiled in salt water, which our situation obliged us to have recourse to, provisions and fresh water beginning to run short.—We had at the same time strong symptoms of a mutiny on board, on account of the rankness of the pork which was served out to the common sailors, when fortunately the wind tacked about, and gave us hopes of a more speedy conclusion to our voyage.—

We sailed through Lord Howe's fleet on the twenty-sixth of July, scudding away before the wind at the rate of nine knots an hour, and at length hove in sight of the fishing boats off Torbay, by one of which I intended landing at Brixham, and from thence crossing the forest of Dartmoor, to that part of Devonshire from whence I originally emerged.

The

The fishing boat however had no sooner come along side of us, than I had the pleasure to learn from my Captain, that if I quitted the ship previous to performance of quarantine, he was subject to a penalty of one hundred pounds, and that it was lawful for any body to shoot me.---

This was an agreeable piece of information, at a time when I was no more than twenty miles from my father's house; to which I now became under the necessity of going by way of Amsterdam.--A large turtle, however, which I had caught in the Mediterranean, was, after a very long consultation between the Captain, Mate, and crew, declared to be not amenable to the laws of quarantine; upon which I dispatched him, with a ticket to one of his fins, importing that he was to proceed across the country to the place of my destination.

We

We are now therefore bearing away up the Channel; and I take advantage of forwarding this letter to you by a coasting vessel off Torbay.

Your's truly, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

R. P. ESQ.

Harwich.

WE entered the Texel on the third of August, and were immediately put under quarantine; a state of confinement much less enviable than an English prison.—The only things you can be said to enjoy in common with mankind, are light and fresh air; but from the comforts of life, you are totally excluded.—A commissary's boat is ordered to attend you, which always keeps carefully to windward; and its crew are rubbed all over with camphire and turpentine, lest they should catch the plague.—Your letters are received

ceived on the barb of a boat-hook, and delivered at the post office with a pair of tongs.

The meanness of our commander was upon the same establishment with his folly; and though he had liberty to purchase fresh provisions of all sorts from the shore (which were in great plenty and at a very reasonable rate) he rather chose to see his crew and passenger pining for want of them, than incur any unnecessary expence.

This cruel treatment brought on a few coarse compliments between me and the Captain—at length the pistols were loaded, and the quarter-deck cleared, that we might have room to blow each others brains out like gentlemen.—Had we not foreseen that the crew must necessarily interfere, neither of us I imagine had
been

been so fierce. I speak of my own feelings, and trust I do not throw an unmerited reflection on our commander's courage. —Our proceedings were however interrupted by the arrival of a boat, with the apothecary from the States, to examine into my particular state of health.—It seems my Lord A—kl—d, (to whom I had sent an express, complaining of my situation) had applied to the Dutch Admiralty, and procured my enlargement: and I was at that instant conveyed from the hold of a ship, in which I had been pent up seven weeks, living sparingly on salt-pork and sea-biscuits, washed down with Italian verjuice, to an inn upon the island of the Texel.---

It was the neatest house I ever entered, abounding with port-wine and most excellent provisions, and standing in the
midst

midst of hay-fields newly mown; and I was at night, in lieu of an hammoc (in which I had been jolted against the panels of the state-room door at every motion of the ship since we left the more fouthern climates), transplanted to a bed so clean and quiet, that I literally could not sleep for comfort.

On the seventh instant I took my seat in a covered barge for Amsterdam, crowded with passengers.—Amongst us was a newly-weaned calf, which kept up a lamentable soliloquy because its dam was not of the party; and which was the more unpleasant, as we were all confined to one apartment—man and beast, like Noah's ark.

Amsterdam has little to recommend itself to a fine gentleman, except a few pictures by Vandyke and Rembrandt; and

and the first painting in oil, by Jean Eyer, (consisting of a daubing meant to represent a church, with the saint patroness standing before it).

My finances here once more engaged my principal attention; and on application to Mr. H. the great Dutch banker, I discovered that fortune had had the kindness and curiosity to involve me in one more dilemma before she had done with me.

By a letter, which I forwarded from Brixham, I had ordered that a bank note of 20l. might be sent to meet me at the house of Mr. H.—It happened that a gentleman, *of the same name with myself*, had quitted Amsterdam two days before I came there, in order to make the tour of Holland, and visit the Austrian camps.—He had left orders at the banker's, that if
any

any letters arrived in his name, they should be instantly returned to England; and, unfortunately, by the very post that preceded my arrival, the 20l. note retook its passage at Helvoetsluys—and it is no less true than extremely singular, that this should prove to be the very friend to whom I have pleasure in acknowledging myself at this hour indebted for the little fortune that enabled me to travel.

Some men appear to most advantage in situations of extreme difficulty and distress; and as to myself, I am firmly persuaded, that in all instances in which I have neither been possessed of, or known where to procure a single guinea, my establishment hath been visibly the most respectable, and my appearance the most unembarrassed.

Upon this occasion, it became evidently
necessary

necessary for me to have recourse to a faithful companion, which I had had about my person upwards of fourteen years.—Temporary separations indeed of this nature had frequently taken place between us in England; but the thoughts of leaving him in a foreign country cut me to the heart.—The regularity with which he always served me was inconceivable; and though he was perpetually in motion during the day, he usually passed the evening with me over a flask or two of wine, active and communicative as ever.—Within my recollection, I have seldom gone to bed without completely winding him up; still he was the essence of punctuality—sure to be at my bed-side when I awoke in the morning, to let me know the hour——

We parted at the shop-door of a pawnbroker—

The

The sum which the aforesaid time-piece had rendered himself responsible for, enabled me to enter a well-looking hotel with confidence; and I had scarcely fixed on an apartment, when the waiter (who spoke French) informed me that an elderly gentleman of Guelderland, a Jew, requested the honour of being introduced to me; and was at the door, ready to pay his respects.—

The moment I had received him, and was about to pay some compliment to his attention in having made me so early a visit, he took the lead, without reflecting that every man was not conversant in High-Dutch; and ran on for three quarters of an hour, without either pause or apparent respiration.—His lungs either acted as a steam engine, or nature must have furnished him with a couple of sets,
—which,

which, by going alternately, like the bellows of an organ, kept up a constant supply of outward-bound air.—The waiter explained—

It seems this Dutchman was remarkably unfortunate in the loss of an only son, who had been in high request at the Court of Berlin—He was poisoned on the very evening of his marriage, by a young lady who was before attached to him; and the old man's only comfort left, was an adopted daughter, to whom he meant to leave his fortune.

Abishag (for such was the name of this fair Israelite) made her appearance in the supper room.—Her manners were of a much more polished cast than her first appearance gave me reason to expect—Her person was majestic, though somewhat too robust.—Abishag had her winning ways;

ways; and looked as though the difference of the languages between Great Britain and Guelderland were likely to be no barrier to the communication that might take place between two of their natives.

The old gentleman very soon fell fast asleep in his elbow chair; and I and Abishag became as well acquainted with each other, as propriety and etiquette would admit of on the first introduction.

The Jew, rather I believe from habit, than with a view of profiting by the badness of the times, or the distresses of others, passed a great deal of the day on the Exchange; which gave me an opportunity of enjoying much of the society of his daughter.—I became insensibly ambitious of gaining her good opinion, and as we were one day walking together, an
event

event took place which completely won her.

It happened that we met my swaggering Captain in a narrow street, advancing towards us with an air of imaginary importance.—This ill-bred wretch was so exasperated against me, that, forgetting the respect due to the sex, he was bent on taking the wall, even of the fair Abihag.—The pass was disputed, and we came to blows—Abihag was taken into a linen-draper's shop, and whilst she fainted, the mob collected, and we were accommodated with seconds in an instant.

My antagonist was a much stouter man than myself; and, being corpulent, was rather out of training.—For a few rounds his blows broke in upon my guard; but as his breath began to fail him, I struck him in the center of his stomach with all

my force.—He instantly became pale and qualmish ; when a very severe blow under his left cheek made his teeth clatter, and I believe gave him a lock-jaw.—With that he wheeled, and laid open his loins ; and, at the instant, the gentle Abishag, just recovered from her fainting fit, rushed into the ring, and put in such a clencher just below his ribs, that he pearlyed like a shot partridge, and struck his colours.

Abishag was covered with glory ; and the mob, ever partial to the fair sex, gave her the credit of the victory.

We had no sooner returned to the hotel, than she related the particulars to her father, who naturally attributed the whole affair to my regard for his daughter's precedence ; and immediately requested that I would go and spend a month with him in Guelderland.—The waiter,

waiter, moreover, informed me in the morning, that the old man, spite of the prejudices of religion, wished to marry his daughter to an Englishman; and if she was so fortunate as to be the object of my choice, money should not be wanting to the completion of our happiness.

Interest and principle were at war within me—My attachment, however, had not yet so far got the better of my judgment as to prejudice my reflections—A connection between the Old and New Testament might possibly create some confusion in our childrens creed—Moreover, though there was every appearance that the Israelite was a warm man, should there be a deficiency at the day of account, it would be painful to see our posterity trudging about the country selling spy-glasses and spectacles.—These confi-

derations determined me to tear myself from the arms of the fair Abishag—But I might have saved myself the trouble of considering at all; for the Jew, though he had long retired from active business, was still concerned in many firms at Amsterdam—That of the pawnbroker unfortunately was one of them; and the very same day, in looking over the statement of the year's account, he discovered an entry made of a certain pledge in the name of his intended son-in-law.

The method of travelling in Holland is extremely cheap, and not unpleasant—The trakscouts (or covered barges drawn by horses from one town to another through the canals), in which it is usual for people of all ranks to take their passage, are so punctual to their hours of departure and arrival, that you know precisely

cifely at what time you fhall arrive at any given diftance.

At Haerlem is fhewn the firft page that was ever printed; and the cathedral boasts the fineft organ in the world.—The country houfe of Hope (about two miles diftant) contains one of the beft collections of pictures that I have feen upon the Continent.

The Univerfity of Leyden was the great object of my curiofity; to which I proceeded without delay.—This Univerfity bears a ftriking contrast to that in which I had the honour to receive the laft polifh of my literary education—A few large halls for public lectures are the only vifible figns of a Dutch feminary of found learning and religious education.—I had for fome time wandered about in fearch of fuch noble ftructures as are raifed for

the encouragement of literature at Oxford and Cambridge; and, being much fatigued with exercise and disappointment, I sat down for refreshment in the shop of a bookfeller.—A learned professor happened to be poring over some papers, of whom I asked the cause of the apparent vacancy in the city of Leyden.—He informed me, that few public buildings were set apart for the accommodation of members of the University—that the students had no particularity of dress—that they lodged in private houses, taverns, &c.—spent the principal part of their time with mantua-makers and chambermaids—were accountable to nobody for their hours and actions—that the University was by this means grown into disrepute, and become almost memberless—Moreover, that the freedom of election had
been

been broken in upon in the year 1787—that, though the form of proposing three, and balloting still existed, the Hereditary Prince claimed a right of recommending a rector; by the influence of which, men of merit were generally superseded, and those only, who sided with the court, held the most lucrative and conspicuous appointments.

Cambridge, on the contrary, said I, possesses every advantage that can be derived from independence of election, and freedom of action; add to which, it is, in convenience and situation, every way indebted both to art and nature.—We regard not a prince or a prime minister in the distribution of our places of honour or emolument; and in respect of the freedom of election, both in the town and University, no place on earth is so independent of influence and corruption.

The buildings are large and commodious; and the situation is healthy---chambers are set apart for the accommodation of every member, where he may pursue his studies without interruption.---Useful and rational exercises are encouraged, to dispel the vapours arising from a constant attention to books.---The fox-chace gives a robustness to the constitution, which enables it to undergo the laborious disquisitions of philosophy, and the betting post at Newmarket keeps the mind in a habit of quickness for algebraical calculations.---Public assemblies are allowed to be frequented, that men may acquire that polish which is only to be met with in the society of women, and to prevent them from dwindling into habits of pedantry and seclusion.---It is by this system of liberal education, that our grave

grave professors become the gayest characters in scenes of festivity and dissipation. That our travelling tutors support the most spirited and sprightly masks at the Carnival of Venice.—That our resident fellows live in a state of harmony and social intercourse amongst themselves; and when they choose to walk forth into the world, are capable of moving gracefully in the first circles of fashion; and of happily blending the roughness of a philosopher with the polish of a courtier.

I took leave of the professor, and proceeded to the Hague; where I was no sooner set down at an hotel, and had taken refreshment, than my Lord A—kl—d, ever attentive to his countrymen, left his name with an invitation to dine with him on the following Sunday, and another for the ambassadress's bill the Thursday after.

Inclination

—Inclination however and necessity resolved me to return immediately to England, wherefore, as soon as I had taken a view of the Prince of Orange's collection of Flemish pictures, and his very select and valuable cabinets of natural curiosities, I went on to Rotterdam and took my passage at Helvoetsluys.

The character of the Dutch is delineated in a very few words.—Great is the contrast between the females of France and Holland.—Dutchwomen talk of love, but seldom feel it—look at a Frenchwoman with kindness, and her whole frame vibrates with sympathy.—But he that anatomizes a Dutch one, will blunt his instrument in cutting through the cords of sensibility.—The men are a phlegmatic, cold-hearted people, remarkable for nothing but industry and economy ;

nomy ; two virtues so much out of fashion, that I beg leave to make an apology for bringing them upon the carpet.—

Upon the whole I am thoroughly satisfied with the obligation I was under of returning through Holland.—The face of Nature wore a pleasing change and contrast; I embarked at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, amidst the sandy rocks and sultry regions round about, and the eye had little to divert it but the restless ocean, till I landed on a country clothed with verdure and bespangled with transparent streams.

We crossed to the port from whence I write to you, in sixteen hours ; and were no sooner landed, than a circumstance, as ridiculous as any I have met with, crowned the conclusion of my travels.—

The custom-house officers rummaged
my

my trunk with their usual politeness. The only thing that wore the appearance of being contraband, was a couple of pounds of Naples shaving-soap (a yellowish composition about the consistence of paste). One of them imagined it to be composed of foreign drugs, and therefore insisted on my paying the duty for it as such; upon which I assured him that it could not be composed of foreign drugs, being made up in a pastrycook's shop, and sold as an excellent stomachic in case of sea-sickness.

He had been frequently taken in, and was resolved on further conviction; upon which he swallowed a portion of the size of a bolus.—It was no sooner in his stomach than he fell into violent convulsions, as one that hath taken a double dose of castor-oil.—Medical assistance was immediately

immediately called in—a young apothecary conceived by appearances that the patient had made use of something of a poisonous quality, and instantly poured down half a dozen basons of warm water; which created such a lather within, that it returned in foaming cataracts—at length the force gradually abating, it proceeded to flow in a more temperate progression, like the workings of a beer-barrel.

The apothecary withdrew, and speedily returned with a physician, who prescribed a repetition of the same quantity of warm-water.

The patient became exasperated and unquiet, peremptorily refusing to comply with any further application of this sort; upon which the physician, observing the inflammation of his eyes and the wildness
of

of his looks, pronounced him to be in a state of insanity.--That he had the hydrophobia upon him, and foamed at the mouth like a mad-dog.--

He was immediately ordered into a trait-waitcoat; and this medical decision was so satisfactory to the company, that I am now about to proceed, without suspicion or molestation, in search of adventures which shall be the subject of our future correspondence.--

I am,

Your's, &c.



END OF VOL. II.